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PART I

TO HELP OTHERS

In a green field, high up in the mountains of Ethiopia, two men work hour after hour *vaccinating* a large number of cattle. They are trying to save the animals from being *infected* by rinderpest, a grave sickness that has *developed* among the *cattle* in this *district*. One of the men is an American, an animal doctor from Oklahoma. Before being *assigned* to Ethiopia, he had been teaching animal *medicine* at an American college. The other man is a young Ethopian. His government has asked him to work with the American and to learn all he can from him, so that he can keep Ethiopian cattle in good health after the American has gone back home.

In a hot and waterless part of Libya in North Africa, an American drives a very big and strongly-built car called a truck, used for carrying heavy weights. A young Libyan is sitting beside him. There is no road here and several days have passed since another car came this way. They are driving to a place where many people have been stricken with a sickness called malaria. The American is a public health officer who has traveled all over the world to fight this sickness. The Libyan with him is getting his first experience at malaria control. Later he will go to an American college to learn more about malaria and other sicknesses which are found in hot countries like Libya.

In Katmandu, a city high up in the distant Himalaya mountains of Asia, an American woman teaches Nepalese girls how to *nurse* sick people and newborn babies. Some day these girls will be nurses like their teacher. The American nurse is a long way from her home in New York City, and sometimes she wishes she were back among the bright lights, busy streets and beautiful shops. But there is much to be done in Katmandu and she does not have time to think of such things for long.

Today in more than *fifty* countries around the world Americans are working like this. Whether they are teachers, doctors or *engineers*, these men and women are the lifeblood of a great new idea that has become known as Point Four. The idea of Point Four is this: The United States government will send *skilled* Americans to help other countries seek a better life for their people. The Americans who go overseas to work on Point Four *programs* are called technicians. Their job is to use and teach their skills in the countries to which they are sent.

But what is so new about this idea? The answer is that never before in history has any great nation said to the underdeveloped countries of the world: "We are ready to help you *improve* the health, strength and living conditions of your countries. All we ask is that you have the desire to help yourselves." That is the offer the United States government made to more than fifty nations in every part of the world. Today the United States is spending millions of dollars to help the people of these countries to a better life. This is something new in history.

What led the United States to start this great new program? Here are the reasons President Truman gave when he called for the beginning of the program:

"Today more than half the people of the world are living under conditions not fit for any human being. They suffer from *hunger* without having the *knowledge* and skills to produce more food for themselves. They suffer from sicknesses without having the doctors and medicines with which to fight them. But today, for the first time in history, we know enough and care enough to help these suffering people.

"For many years the United States had led the nations of the world in *organizing* and developing modern methods in industry and trade. By sharing this rich store of knowledge and experience with peace-loving peoples everywhere, we can help them realize their own hopes for a better life."

For some years past the United States has also been the leader of the free world in a great *struggle* with the Communist world, led by Russia. It is well known that in the Communist countries everything is owned and controlled by the government. This even includes complete control over the thoughts and actions of its own people. There are many countries on each side of this struggle. Sometimes it leads to open war, as in Korea. More often it takes a different and bloodless form which has become known as the Cold War.

The Cold War is an attempt on the part of Russia to gain control over the great underdeveloped parts of Asia, Africa and, in time, even of South America. Russia uses several *weapons* in this Cold War. One is the spreading of reports and stories, known as propaganda, against the United States and its friends; another is bright promises to help the poorer countries; still another is to work with Communist *agents* and parties within these countries.

These are powerful weapons, but the United States also has a powerful weapon. The weapon of our country is the knowledge that men everywhere want to be their own masters, that they want to be free men. Our weapon is to help the underdeveloped countries to a better way of life and to become strong enough to remain free.

The Point Four program is one way to help these countries. Today the United States is giving or advancing them large amounts of money to get all the things that are necessary for their countries' development.

POINT FOUR. What does this strange name mean? When President Truman first spoke to the Congress of the United States about this new program, it happened to be the fourth point he asked them to consider. People started calling it the Point Four program, and that was the name people everywhere remembered.

Because of a Point Four program to improve the production of eggs in Lebanon, a housewife there now orders them from the food store in this way: "Give me twelve Point Four eggs." When an American technician goes into a village in Iran or Peru and says, "I work for Point Four," the people of the village smile and understand. They know what Point Four means. They know that it means better schools and better health and more food for them.

Even those who believe in Point Four most strongly realize that the program is far from perfect. But improvements are being made all the time, and in the opinion of many people Point Four is our best and most successful effort to strengthen world peace today.

PART II

AN END TO HUNGER

Two-thirds of the people on this earth, most of them in Asia but many in Africa and South America, do not have enough to eat. In other words, human hunger is still our chief problem in the world today.

Point Four is putting most of its money into the fight against hunger, because it believes that the first step toward peace in the world is to put enough food into the mouths of the people of the world. The job is so big and the gains that need to be made are so great that *progress* is *difficult* to measure. Yet progress is being made. The best way to prove this is by telling you the stories of several technicians who have successfully worked on this problem in different parts of the world.

A STORY OF MICE AND MEN

Many a Point Four technician reporting for duty overseas has quickly learned that being asked for by a government and being accepted by the men and women of a country are two different things. Very often the poor and simple people he was sent to help are doubtful about working with him. They and all those who came before them have lived the same way, *treated* their sicknesses the same way and farmed the same way for hundreds of years. They doubt that this man from a strange country can improve things for them, or they are afraid to try his help. The technician's job is to find some way in which he is certain that he can help and to act quickly when the right chance presents itself. In our first story you will learn how one technician *solved* this problem and the happy results that followed his success.

Henry Botch is a short, strong-shouldered man. He looks as if he would be equally good at riding a horse or driving a car. He had, in fact, often done both. He had been well trained in agriculture, which deals with the raising of *crops* and animals. For that reason the state of Montana had given him the post of agricultural agent, whose chief duty it was to advance the knowledge of and improve the methods used in agriculture.

But in October, 1954, Botch was a long way from the rolling Montana country he knows so well. He was half a world away in the famous old city of Baghdad, *capital* of the Arab country of Iraq. The Iraqi Ministry of Agriculture had asked the American Point Four for someone who could teach the farmers of the country how to produce larger crops on their land. Point Four sent Henry Botch.

Botch learned that his work was to be in Northern Iraq and that he was to live in the little town of Kirkuk. He also discovered that besides his job of helping farmers, he was expected to train twenty-six bright young Iraqi men as agricultural agents. They had just completed their studies at the Agricultural College of Aukard in Turkey. They had read many books on agriculture and knew all about its history, but up till now had had no farming experience whatever. Botch was expected to see that they got it.

He knew, however, that he himself had much to learn about the problems of the farmers in this part of Iraq. As soon as he had settled his wife and two daughters in their house in Kirkuk, he therefore traveled through the country with some of his young men. They visited many farms and, with the young

Iraqis acting as *interpreters*, Botch talked with many farmers.

He found that most of them were much too poor to own the land they farmed. The only way they could pay the landowner for the use of his land was by giving him a large part of the crops they grew. If they did not grow very large crops, not enough would be left for their families to eat. Sometimes the crops were large, but not always. They needed to be much larger if the farmers and their wives and children were to have good lives.

Henry Botch soon learned that it was easy enough to discover the farmers' troubles. The problem was how to get the farmers to do something about them. Botch knew what to do about some of them, but the farmers did not trust this fast-moving little American. Neither did they trust the bright young men from Baghdad who came with him.

The American told the farmers that they had planted their fruit trees much too close together. If they would cut down many of these trees, those that remained would grow more and better fruit than all the crowded trees. The Iraqi farmers did not believe this.

The American told them that they should clean their seed and separate the good from the bad. Even if this would sometimes lose them half of all their seed, they would have bigger and better fruit crops in the end. The farmers could not believe this either.

During the dry, hot weather of October and November Botch and his young *team* traveled hundreds of miles offering their help. But the farmers would not accept it.

December came, bringing the cool days and rains of Iraq's short winter. One afternoon he and two of his young men entered the small mud house of a village chief to seek *shelter* from the rain. While waiting for the rain to stop, they talked to the old chief and asked him how they might help his people. Like all the others, he would not listen.

"We have farmed his land so long," he said. "Surely we have found the best ways."

As they stood up to leave, Botch saw a *mouse* run across the floor and rush into a hole in the mud wall of the house.

"Are *mice* much of a problem here?" Botch asked through his interpreter.

"The poor farmer of my country," the village chief answered sadly, "must give one-third of his crop to the landowner and one-third to the man who supplies the seed and other necessary things. What is left the farmer must then share equally with the mice."

An idea began to form in Botch's mind. "Is it really that bad?" he asked.

"Come with me," the chief said. He led the group to a grain storeroom in another part of the village. When he opened the door they heard the sound of countless little feet rushing for cover. By the light of the open door they looked at the bags of wheat stored there. They could see that most of the bags had small holes in them, through which the grain had dropped to the floor.

"This is very bad," Botch said.

"There is much more that I could show you," said the village chief. "In another storeroom the mice have *ruined* the food for our cattle. They will not eat the food after the mice have *dirtied* it. In the fields the mice are eating the green young plants that are just coming up." The village chief turned to Botch. "You say that you have come to help us," the old man said. "Very well. Free us from mice and you will have helped us indeed."

"I believe we will be able to do something for you," Botch said.

"If you can," the chief told him, "I am sure the farmers will trust you in other things."

These were the words that Botch wanted to hear. He and his team left hurriedly in their car and took the road to Baghdad.

"We've got a month and a half," he said. "In that time we're going to kill about two million mice or kill ourselves trying."

"How are we going to kill the mice?" someone asked. Botch answered with two words: "Zinc phosphate."

Botch knew that zinc phosphate was the best material for killing mice quickly. He had used it many times in Montana. He also knew that he could get some zinc phosphate in Baghdad. He had seen it in a storeroom at the Imperial Chemical Company. He was driving as fast as his car would go, because he wanted to get that zinc phosphate before someone else could buy it.

It was dark when they arrived in the city, but Botch decided to drive straight to the Imperial Chemical Company, hoping that it would still be open. It was. Botch went in and told the man in the office that he wanted to buy all the zinc phosphate in stock.

"I cannot help you, sir," the man replied in English, "because we do not have any."

In one moment Botch saw all his great hopes and plans destroyed. No zinc phosphate! He knew that it would take three weeks at least to get the material from the nearest place that might have it. Three weeks without action would ruin his whole mice-killing program.

"Can you tell me the name of the man who came to buy it?" Botch asked the *official*. "Perhaps I can get some from him."

"You do not understand me, sir," the man replied. "We have never had any of this thing you speak of."

Botch's heart started beating again. The official just didn't know what zinc phosphate was! "Oh yes you have," Botch said. "Come with me and I'll show you."

Botch led the surprised man to the storeroom. There in one corner stood the boxes of zinc phosphate that Botch had remembered.

"I'll take it all," Botch said.

"Yes, sir," the official said and added, "I did not know about this. No one has ever asked for any. I think no one knows what it is for."

"There is one man who can tell you what it is for," Botch said.

"And who is that, sir?" the man asked.

"That's me," Botch answered with a smile.

Back in Kirkuk Botch gathered his whole team together and took them to the village where they were to fight their first battle against the mice. The old village chief was surprised to see Botch back so soon.

"I wondered if you would return at all," he said.

"We are here," Botch said, "and ready to go to work."

A crowd gathered to watch as he and his team got busy. First Botch filled a large container with wheat. Then he measured out a very small amount of zinc phosphate. Botch held it up and said, "Here is what is going to kill your mice."

The village people watched and listened, but did not believe a word he said. Botch handed a small container to the chief. "Will you have someone fill this with animal fat?" he asked. The fat was brought to him quickly.

Botch put the fat and the zinc phosphate into the wheat and *mixed* it all together carefully. "The fat," he explained to his fellow workers, "will *prevent* the wind from blowing the zinc phosphate dust away."

Botch then gave each of his men a container filled with this mixture. He explained that they were to go into the houses, the storerooms, and the fields, and place a little bit of it at the opening of every mouse hole they could find.

"The American has prepared good food for the mice and now we must carry it to them," someone laughed.

When these words were *translated* to Botch, he said quietly, "Tell that man it is the mice's last dinner. The least we can do is to carry it to them."

His men were very much *impressed* to see Botch so certain of success. They started their work and asked the villagers to join them. Botch and the village chief hurried from place to place, making sure that a good job was done by all. By nightfall the work was finished.

"Take a good rest," Botch told his overworked team. "We will come back tomorrow to have a look." The whole group returned to the village early in the morning; and even as they were getting out of their cars they saw many people coming toward them, looking happy and smiling. The old chief, however, reached them first.

"Something wonderful has happened!" he said. "Come and see what you have done for us, with Allah's help!"

He hurried Botch and the others into houses, into storerooms, into fields. Everywhere there were dead mice, hundreds of them. And Botch knew hundreds more were dead in their holes, where they had gone after getting a taste of the zinc phosphate.

Botch smiled. "I am glad to see," he said, "you won't be sharing your food with mice any more."

Botch and his men did not stay long to receive the thanks of the villagers. He divided his men into teams and sent them out on all the roads leading north. As word of the wonderful success against the mice spread quickly to all the villages in the district, Botch and his teams received hundreds of calls for help.

Botch had explained to his men how important it was to finish their work before the end of the short winter season, during which nature supplies the mice with little food. Accordingly, the teams worked long hours without any rest. Every day each team would work in several villages. At the end of a day's labor in one place they would often drive through the night to reach another and start their work the next morning. They made the farmers themselves join them in their efforts. In this way the farmers learned how to fight their future battles with the mice.

Six weeks passed quickly. At the end of January Botch and all his men knew they had completed their job. In a month and a half they had covered the whole of Iraq north of the city of Baghdad. They had done their work in one thousand eight hundred and twenty villages. They had freed the Iraqi farmers from mice.

That is the story of Henry Botch, the great killer of mice. But it is not the complete story of Botch's work in Iraq. The old chief was right. After gaining complete success in the war against mice, Botch became the Iraqi farmers' honored and trusted friend.

Remembering the government of Iraq's desire to make the land produce more food, he next attempted to increase the farmers' grain crops. Again his efforts were successful.

He was also able to teach them how to clean their seed and separate the good from the bad. Botch even began to find farmers who were willing to cut down some of their crowded fruit trees. The trees that remained produced such great amounts of fine, good-tasting fruit that other farmers tried this strange new way of getting more fruit from fewer trees.

Botch stayed in Iraq for four years and left behind a record that will be difficult to equal. A year later, when he was working in another Arab country, Botch received a letter which said:

> "Dear Mr. Botch: When I was in Kirkuk, Iraq, this summer, I heard so many wonderful things about you that I decided to write to you. I thought you would like to know that you left behind a great number of friends who miss you very much and wish you well. I hope some day to meet you in person. Until I do, I wish to thank you for all you have done for America during your great service overseas."

Henry Botch had never met the man who wrote that letter, but he was proud to receive it. The letter was from William O. Douglas, famous Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. It was a well-*earned* honor for the little man from Montana who had done such a big job.

HILL RICE IN MADHYA PRADESH

Everybody knows that *rice* is the chief food of countless millions of people in South and East Asia. Less well known but equally interesting is the fact that there are two different ways of growing rice. One is the old way of planting it on hills. The other is a new method of growing it in a field called a paddy, which is covered by water at all times. On a piece of land of equal size, this new method will produce much more rice and feed many more people than hill rice does. Some parts of Southeast Asia, however, including parts of India, still continue to grow hill rice, and this means *hardship* and hunger for many people living there.

American and Indian technicians try to help the Indian villages in several ways. They work to improve health, *education* and agriculture equally. One important part of this work is to bring groups of boys together in what is called a club. Each club has from ten to twenty members and chooses its own officers. Meetings are held under the direction of a village leader who has been trained by Indian and American technicians.

No payment is required to join the club, but each boy must agree to work on a program of his own choosing and report on it. Here is a report on the program of a boy named Joshi.

Joshi was fourteen years old when he joined a club in a village called Madhya Pradesh. He started a small program by helping to improve his mother's garden. Joshi soon completed the work, and after that he had very little to report. But at many meetings he listened to the reports of boys working on much larger programs. Joshi was especially interested in the report of Rau. Rau wished to try a new method of rice growing which he called "the Japanese method." As Rau's father had very little land, Rau could not try this method on his father's farm. Instead he had gone to Nagpur to talk to the Indian and American technicians there. From them he learned that he would be able to grow rice in containers just outside his father's house. They gave him good seeds and some fertilizer, a material which he was to put on his plants to make them grow bigger and faster.

Back at his home in Madhya Pradesh, Rau put soil into several containers and planted the seeds in them. On some he put fertilizer, on others he used nothing. He wanted to *demonstrate* how much better the plants with fertilizer would grow. But Rau had much bigger plans than that. At a club meeting, he reported that the technicians at Nagpur had told him about the new Japanese method of growing rice. They said it was much better and produced much more rice than the Indian method of growing hill rice.

"All it needs is a lot of water," Rau explained. "The water must be kept over the paddy all the time. You do that by building small earth walls around it. The seed can be planted in a mother paddy. When the seeds grow to plants about a foot and a half high, they are taken out of the mother paddy and put into the other paddies around it. All you have to do is to make a hole in the mud with your hand, put in the plant and press some soil around the bottom."

"But how much rice does such a paddy produce?" Joshi asked Rau.

"I asked the American Point Four man about that," Rau said. "He told me that it would bring about three times as much rice as our old method."

"Well, why don't our fathers use the new method?" one of the other boys asked. "Don't we have enough water?"

"The American told me that our rainfall is over fifty inches in a good year," Rau replied. "But we have no large containers to store the water. Once the rains have ended our water is gone."

"There are some large *tanks* in the village," Joshi said, "for storing water. But our own tank is no longer any good. With a good place to store the water we could keep the paddies *flooded* all season."

"My father has very small fields," Rau said. "He could not take a chance with this new method. But your father, Joshi, has much larger fields. He could give you land for just one paddy."

"I will ask him," Joshi said. "Would you show him your plants some time?"

"I will be glad to show them to him. My father and mother have become interested in these plants. They are showing them to anybody who passes our house."

Later that evening Joshi told his father all that Rau had said to him. "Will you come with me to see Rau's plants?" Joshi asked after finishing his report.

"I have no time for that," said Joshi's father. "We are poor villagers who must work long and hard to make a living. Think no more about such games."

But Joshi never stopped asking his father to see

Rau's plants, until his father agreed to go to Rau's house with his son. One look at Rau's plants made him realize that they were much taller and larger than any young plants he had ever seen in his own fields. But all he did was to start laughing.

"I'm interested in rice in the field," Joshi's father said. "Rice growing in containers means nothing to me."

"I think you are wrong," Rau's father said. "I too laughed at Rau's plan until an American, Doctor Saunders, passed through here on his way to Nagpur. He can read the soil the way wise men read books. And Saunders said that Point Four will help anyone who wants to try the new method. If I had as much land as you have, I would let my son try it."

"But it will require much work," Joshi's father said. "And my son cannot do it all himself."

"I will give the labor of my son," said Rau's father. "That is all I have to offer."

Joshi's father turned to his son. "Will you give all your time and strength to this work, if I let you put in this new paddy?" he asked.

"I will work day and night," Joshi promised.

"It is not right for my son to labor with no hope of gain," Rau's father said. "How much rice do you expect from this paddy?"

"A thousand *pounds*," Joshi's father answered, and started to laugh. "It has never brought me nearly that much."

"Then for my son's labor," Rau's father said, "I will take half of all the rice over a thousand pounds."

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Joshi's father laughed. "Half of nothing is still nothing. Very well, on those conditions I agree to let the boys try."

They started their work the next day. Rau went to the village and reported the program to the village leader, who reported it to the American Point Four technician who was training him. Seed and fertilizer were given to the boys. Rau and Joshi *leveled* the ground and built the little earth walls around it. Then they took enough soil out of the ground to guide the water along a line leading from the tank to the paddy, and with the help of a village worker *repaired* the tank itself. To help the water rise to the field level, they built a foot mill such as Rau had seen in an agricultural report on the Japanese method.

As the rain clouds began to gather, the boys hurried to complete their work. When the rains started they were ready. As soon as there was enough water to flood their small mother paddy, the boys began to plow it. This is done by breaking up and turning over the soil with the help of a plow, a rather large article with good iron cutting edges. Joshi's father allowed the boys to use a strong, four-legged animal called a buffalo to pull the plow. Then Joshi and Rau put in the seed under the water and pressed it down in the mud.

When the first young plants began to appear above the water, Joshi's father came out, to the paddy even in the heavy rains to watch the progress of the new rice. He proudly told his friends in the village about the boys' work, and many came out to see the plants.

"It was chiefly my boy's idea," Joshi's father said. "But young Rau has also done a lot of work on this. If we get good results, I will pay him well."

The plants looked fresh and green. When they were over a foot high Joshi and Rau took them out of the mother bed and put them in the new paddy. For many hours the boys worked without stopping or resting, and with the help of Joshi's father they were able to finish the planting in one day. It was raining so heavily then that they decided to build another earth wall around the field to guard their paddy against possible floods. Every day they came to look at the fields and some villagers also came, even at the time of the heavy rain.

Doctor Saunders and an Indian technician brought the men from Joshi's village to the paddy and explained the new method to them. They handed out reports about other crops that the farmers could grow in between rice crops. Boys in the club read the reports to the village men and answered their questions. Some of the technicians looked at the water tank and talked to the boys about a plan to build a larger one.

A little later the rainfall lessened and the skies became brighter and hotter. Every day the boys now had to use their foot mill to keep the plants covered with water. They also were careful to use enough fertilizer on the plants while they were still young.

As the days grew hotter and drier, the boys had to work longer hours on their foot mill to keep water on their paddy. Some of the boys from their club offered to help in working the foot mill. By that time it had become clear to everyone in the village that the paddy would produce more rice than any other field of the same size had ever done.

Joshi's father talked to the villagers. "Our village has become famous. See what new methods can do? Men come here from Nagpur and Bombay—even from America—to study Joshi's methods."

The whole village came to the farm to watch the gathering of the crop, also called the harvest. The paddy brought one thousand five hundred pounds of rice. Rau's father led Joshi's father away from the crowd. "Then," Rau's father said, "I will take two hundred and fifty pounds as our share."

"You will take more," Joshi's father said. "You and Rau shall have all that is above a thousand pounds. But say nothing of this in the village. I wish to use this method on all my fields next year. If they hear of it they will all want more water from the tank."

But Joshi and Rau were listening. "Everybody shall have more water," Joshi said. "The club has a plan for building two more tanks. The Americans will show us how to do it and will help us. Next year everyone in the village shall have enough water to farm this way."

Joshi's father smiled. "I hope these village men have learned something from me," he said. "Just as I have learned something from my own son."

THE CATTLE PLAGUE

"Rinderpest" is a German word that means "cattle plague," one of the most deadly sicknesses that *attacks* these animals. The Germans have good reason to have a special name for rinderpest. A great *epidemic* of it once cost German farmers millions upon millions of their cattle. In Africa and Asia, animal doctors are busy all the time trying to control rinderpest by vaccination. What follows is the report of a Point Four animal doctor fighting against this plague in East Africa.

This is the story of just one team in one East African village. We've trained six of these teams, which the Ministry of Agriculture sends to all parts of the country. In the past two years we have given over two million vaccinations and treatments. Out of that two million I remember very clearly one job I did in a village called Abomsa. Our team of two men arrived there by car with a letter from the Minister of Agriculture to the village chief, or Balabat. The Balabat was quite an important person and lived in a specially large mud house in the center of the village. We had no trouble finding the house. There was a double line of farmers that circled the place, all of them waiting to ask the Balabat for some favor.

We, too, had to wait quite a long time, before Joseph, my East African interpreter, and I were allowed to talk to the Balabat. He read the letter from the Minister of Agriculture and asked us to come into his house to have some food. The farmers were told to leave and come back the next day. This started a lot of shouting and waving of arms, but the Balabat seemed used to that.

I always let Joseph do the talking, and he decided not to speak about vaccinating the cattle in Abomsa while we were eating the Balabat's meat. When we had finished, however, Joseph explained our program to him. The Balabat asked some questions and, after Joseph had answered them, the Balabat spoke at considerable length. Joseph translated his words to me. "The Balabat says there is no need for us here, because there are no sick cattle now. He will send for us when there are sick cattle."

"Tell him we did not come to doctor sick cattle," I told Joseph. "Tell him that we came to vaccinate only cattle that are not sick, so as to keep them from getting sick."

Joseph explained our purpose, but the Balabat's answer showed it did no good. "He asks," Joseph translated, "if you did not come here to treat sick cattle, why did you come? You have nothing to do here. Therefore, he says, it is better if we leave."

I asked Joseph to explain we had been sent by the Minister of Agriculture and could force the people to have their cattle treated. The Balabat said that only he had the power to do that. Joseph told him that the Minister might send the necessary order to the District Captain of *Police*. The Balabat said, "The District Captain of Police is my brother."

There was not much to be said after that. We could have forced the Balabat into the program, but that is not the way we care to act. So we left Abomsa and visited other villages and talked to other chiefs, most of whom were friendly and agreed to work with us.

A few months later we were on another trip south and happened to pass through the capital of the district of which Abomsa is a part. We decided to have dinner there and stopped our car in the center of the town. A police captain saw us, came over to our car and began to talk to Joseph. Suddenly their voices grew loud and *angry*. I asked Joseph what had happened.

"This man," Joseph explained, "is the brother of the Balabat in Abomsa. Now the cattle there are very sick. I have asked this man about the sickness and it sounds like rinderpest. Now he asks us to go and treat his brother's cattle. I told him no. He had his chance, but was too much of a fool to take it."

"How far is Abomsa from here?" I asked Joseph.

"About half a day's drive."

"We have enough time for that," I said. "If we help the Balabat now he may become our friend."

We arrived in Abomsa the next morning. This time the Balabat ran out to meet us. We told him the vaccinations would begin the next morning, but that he could save time if he ordered the people of the village to gather all their cattle at one place.

The Balabat was chiefly interested in his own cattle—he was the largest cattle owner in the district—but he said that he would tell all the other cattle owners as well.

Next morning we were taken to a field near the edge of a thick forest, and saw thousands of cattle moving around in it.

We began to give the vaccinations, and for the next four hours worked as fast as possible. Then we stopped to have some food and went back to work. Late in the afternoon the Balabat said that all the cattle had been treated. This didn't seem possible, for we had seen a much greater number of cattle than that in the morning. But all we could do was to accept his word. We left that night and the Balabat came out to thank us.

We went south to continue the programs we had planned for those districts. Six days later we returned to the district capital at night and the night chain was up across the road. Joseph called the night watchman and he came out of his house. He asked to see our papers. After looking at them the night watchman said something to Joseph.

"He says they have orders to hold us," Joseph said.

"What for?" I asked.

"For killing cattle at Abomsa. He says that almost all the cattle we vaccinated have died or are dying from rinderpest. The captain wants to see us tomorrow."

The night watchman took us to the yard of the police station, which had high walls around it. There we were kept under guard. They took our guns and kept us from our car. They treated us very well and allowed us to take our sleeping bags out of the car and to build a fire. After a time we were able to go to sleep.

The following morning we watched the police begin their day's work, but the captain did not appear. We built another fire and cooked some food. The police helped us carry water and wood. They told Joseph that a policeman had gone to Abomsa to get the Balabat, who had decided to bring charges against us for killing his cattle. The morning passed. Then about noon the Balabat arrived in his truck. He acted as if he did not see us and went into the captain's office to talk to his brother. Suddenly I noticed that Joseph was not in the yard and wondered where he had gone.

While I was preparing some food, Joseph appeared again. "I have been looking for you," I said to him. "Where have you been?"

"I walked down the street with the policeman who is supposed to guard us. After paying him the price he asked, he agreed to go to a friend of mine in the office of the District Chief of Police to tell him what has happened. I am sure they will come and get us out."

"Suppose we get shot before them?" I asked Joseph.

He laughed. "They will do nothing but talk. Then they will try to make us sign a paper. The paper will say that we killed their cattle. They will then try to make the Minister of Agriculture pay them for all the cattle they lost. This is my country and I know these people."

Everything happened just the way Joseph had said it would. First we were brought into the captain's office. There he and the Balabat tried to make us sign a paper in which we admitted having killed the cattle. We told them that we would not sign. The voices of the captain and the Balabat rose, and they were just starting to shout and wave their arms at us when the District Chief of Police entered the office with Joseph's friend. I shall never forget the look of deadly surprise on the faces of the captain and the Balabat.

With the Chief of Police acting as judge, he first asked Joseph to tell his story. Then the Balabat and the captain told theirs. This was followed by a lot of shouting and waving of arms by all three of them, which continued for a considerable time. Then the chief raised his hand and everybody stopped talking. After speaking to the Balabat in a loud and angry voice, he turned to Joseph and said something to him with a smile, while pointing at me.

Joseph crossed over to where I stood. First he told me that the chief had decided the case against the Balabat and in our favor. "In the course of all their talking and shouting," he added, "I discovered that the Balabat and farmers of Abomsa did not understand our program when we came there. The Balabat told them that in his opinion any foreign doctor must be mad who treated only animals that were in good health and would not treat any that were sick. For this reason he did not wish us to stay here the first time. Then when the epidemic in Abomsa became very bad, he wanted us to help him. But knowing all about your "madness," he and the farmers decided that they must play a game to

get you to treat the cattle that were sick. First they took the very sick cattle and killed them. They knew you would spot those animals very quickly. Then they gathered all the remaining cattle on the field and divided them into two groups. Those that walked slowly and sickly they kept there to be vaccinated by us. The others which showed no signs of sickness were then driven out of sight. That's how we vaccinated only cattle that were already sick with the rinderpest. I noticed at the time that some of them looked rather strange, but it was so hot that I thought little of it. Later many that were already sick died. It was then that the Balabat decided to charge us with killing their cattle."

Everything ended happily, however. We all went back to Abomsa and, with the help of the chief's men, vaccinated all the cattle in the district, after killing all the sick ones. The epidemic never spread beyond that district. We controlled it there.

That is why I remember our work in Abomsa so well. When I travel in that part of the country I always visit the village and stay at the Balabat's house. He and I have become the best of friends.

THE WONDERFUL CABBAGES OF MUTAHWIE BEN ALI BEN SASSIE EL NASEE

In the course of his work a Point Four technician has all kinds of experiences, good ones as well as bad. His bad experiences are often due to the fact that he does not know enough about the people he is trying to help. Under these conditions he may easily make some wrong judgments when he starts his duties in a foreign country. It isn't often, however, that a wrong judgment of this kind leads to the happy results reported in the following pages. The technician tells his own story.

On my first Point Four assignment I was sent out to the Middle East as an agricultural agent. My chief duty was to train some young men in this kind of work. As I wanted them to learn the job by doing it, I lost no time in taking them out of the city into the farming districts where we were to work. My team and I moved around the countryside, doing a little good, I think, but mostly just getting to know the farmers and their problems and their ways of doing things.

About July I noticed that not one of the farmers planned to grow any of the plants we call cabbages. This surprised me. After visiting the markets in the city, which was about a hundred miles away, I knew that cabbage was one of the vegetables for which there was a great demand.

Here, I thought, was a good chance to begin a new crop in this district and at the same time help the food supply in the city. But when I tried to sell my idea to the farmers, I came up against a stone wall. They all smiled and agreed that growing cabbages was a wonderful idea—for someone else. For themselves, they thought they should

grow the same crops as before. They were sure of these; they were not sure about cabbages.

I had just decided to forget the whole idea, when one afternoon we stopped at a broken-down little mud farmhouse to get water for our car. There were no cattle in sight. The only two living things around, in fact, were a sad-looking tree and, sleeping under it, an even sadder looking farmer. As we got close, however, he sat up and then stood up. He was a thin little man, looking as broken-down as his house and wearing dirty clothes and no shoes.

My interpreter told him who we were. In return, he told us that his name was Mutahwie Ben Ali Ben Sassie El Nasee.

"That's a lot of name to remember," I said. When this was translated to him, the little farmer replied with a smile, "You may call me Mutahwie Ben Ali."

While one of my men was putting water in our car, Mutahwie Ben Ali asked us to sit under the tree. After we were seated, I decided that I might as well try the cabbage idea one more time. I had my interpreter explain the idea to Mutahwie Ben Ali. The farmer listened and then spoke at great length. But when my interpreter translated his words, he simply said: "This farmer says that he has no cabbage seed."

"Tell him we will give him the seeds," I said.

My offer was passed along and Mutahwie Ben Ali spoke again. My interpreter said, "He says that he knows nothing about planting cabbages."

"Tell him we will plant them for him," I said.

When Mutahwie Ben Ali was told this he again spoke at considerable length. "This man says that he knows nothing about raising cabbages," my interpreter said.

"Tell him we will help him raise them," I said.

When Mutahwie Ben Ali heard this he answered with only a few words.

My interpreter said, "Mutahwie Ben Ali says that he will grow cabbages."

So we were in the cabbage business at last. We went to work late in July, planted the seeds and took care of the young plants during the whole of August. Mutahwie Ben Ali always watched us with considerable interest, but he never quite got to the point of doing any of the work. This continued for some time, before I demanded that he must do his share of it and he did, although it was as small a share as he could possibly make it.

The cabbages grew beautifully, as I had been sure they would, and by December Mutahwie Ben Ali had as fine a crop as I had ever seen.

When marketing time came, he seemed to become a completely changed person. He suddenly appeared to be able to decide, plan and act very quickly, and generally proved himself to be a very good businessman. He offered to pay the neighboring farmers well if they would help him move his cabbages to the city. And that was fine with me, because it would give them a good look at the wonderful cabbage crop. I arrived at Mutahwie Ben Ali's farm just in time to watch the gathering of the crop. I lost count of how many cabbages were taken out of his field, but their weight was no less than one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. At the market price, I figured that that much cabbage would bring him around five hundred dollars. For a poor farmer like him that was just like suddenly getting a million.

When we heard that he had returned from the city, we went to his farm to see him and found Mutahwie Ben Ali sitting under his tree as usual. He rose to receive us and we sat down together. Then through my interpreter I explained that I had great plans for improving his farm.

Mutahwie Ben Ali answered with a few words and my interpreter said, "This farmer thanks you for your wonderful ideas, but he has no money to do these things."

I couldn't believe I had heard right. "Why, he made a lot of money on those cabbages," I said. "He's got to have money."

As soon as Mutahwie Ben Ali was told what I had said, he rose and went into his house. When he returned, he had a beautiful new gun in his hand. It was of the kind I was planning to buy when I had saved enough money.

Mutahwie Ben Ali spoke. "He says that he used his money to pay for this gun," my interpreter said.

"That gun doesn't begin to cost as much money as he made," I said.

Mutahwie Ben Ali then took us around to the other side of his house. A nice-looking Arab horse was tied there to a small tree.

"This man says that he also decided to buy this beautiful horse to enter it in the *local* races," my interpreter said.

I was getting angry but tried not to show it. "Tell him that the gun and the horse still would not take all the money he made," I said.

The interpreter translated my words and Mutahwie Ben Ali turned and spoke to me directly at length, just as if I was able to understand every word he said.

When he finished, my interpreter said, "Mutahwie Ben Ali says that you are right. The horse and the gun did not take all of his money. But he had also wished to buy a beautiful new wife and it took every bit of money that was left to do it. He feels sad that, being a Moslem, he cannot let you see her yourself."

Mutahwie Ben Ali spoke once more and the interpreter said, "Although the money is all gone, this man says that he is now very happy. He thanks you very much for helping him."

Well, as you might guess, I felt very bad about the whole thing. It seemed to me as if all of our hard work in helping him with those cabbages had been for nothing.

But I was wrong, and it showed me again that I hadn't learned much about these people. Mutahwie Ben Ali, riding around on his new horse, carrying his new gun and talking about his new wife, was the best possible way of proving how much could be gained by raising cabbages. When cabbagetime rolled around again, we had hundreds of farmers asking us for seeds and help.

But the Ministry of Agriculture knew much better than I how to deal with them. Before they would allow us to give any help, a farmer had to sign a paper agreeing to put half of his gain into farm improvement. The plan worked beautifully and the farmers worked hard at their new crop. It all made me feel a lot better.

As far as I ever knew, Mutahwie Ben Ali Ben Sassie El Nasee never came to ask for seeds again. Why should he? He had everything he wanted.

PART III

THE BATTLE FOR HEALTH

Today Point Four technicians, including doctors, nurses and *sanitation* engineers, are making a great effort in health education. In many countries Point Four has helped to start schools for nurses, and hundreds of young women are preparing, for the first time, to take a part in their country's work and development. Young men are being trained by Point Four to open health centers in villages and country districts, where they will teach the villagers about cleanliness—cleanliness of body, of drinking water, of food and of homes and yards.

Health education in underdeveloped countries is a matter of life and death in a very real sense of the word, because nearly half of all the babies born in them are certain to die. But people everywhere must learn to watch and guard their health. Point Four believes that the best way of doing that is by teaching people something about it. Only then will they realize that their own knowledge and actions will decide whether they will keep their health or lose it.

HEALTH AT THE TOP OF THE WORLD

Before Point Four officials can plan programs for underdeveloped countries, they must gather all the facts. These are not always easy to find, and to get them technicians must sometimes travel far. Here is the story of a health team's trip to the Sherpa people in the mountains of Nepal, and the surprising things they discovered there.

To reach Katmandu in the Himalayan country of Nepal you must either fly or walk. Beyond Katmandu you can only go one way: you must *climb*, because the city lies almost in the *shadow* of the high Himalayas, among them Annapurna, Everest and Dhaulagiri, which are higher than any other mountains in the world. Among the *tribes* that live at these great heights, the Sherpas are considered to be the best mountain men in the world. It was a Sherpa, Tenzing, who went to the top of Mount Everest with Hillary in the first successful climb of that famous mountain. It was to Sherpa country that one Point Four team went to learn about the health of this hill tribe.

In early June, when heavy rains were falling in the Himalayas, Doctor George Moore and Doctor G. T. Brooks led a party north from Katmandu. Two Sherpa villages were to be visited so that public health officials would learn what kind of sicknesses they would have to deal with in the high Himalayas.

Besides the Point Four doctors the party included their interpreters, a cook, and ten Tamang carriers. A long and difficult journey through heavy, driving rains lay before them. They climbed to high hills where the cold winds never stopped blowing, and dropped down into deep and sheltered valleys that were *steaming* from the rains.

During the next few days their journey became more and more difficult. The high *trails* were far from safe and each climber had to place his feet carefully away from the weakened edges. There was nothing that could have stopped a fall from such a height. Small wonder that one of the carriers left the party and turned back at a certain point. In another place, over twelve thousand feet high, the winds were blowing full force and the heavy, overhanging rocks seemed ready to *crash* down on the party at any moment. Troubled by blinding snowstorms and the thin air at the great heights to which they had climbed, they were thankful to come within sight of the last mountain they had to cross. After struggling halfway up this mountain, they decided to spend the night there.

The following day, as Doctor Moore was standing in the strange yellow light of early morning, he saw the carriers talking among themselves and looking up at the dark hills with fear in their eyes. Heavy rain was falling and far below them clouds of steam rose up from the earth. Doctor Moore could understand why the carriers felt afraid. The overpowering closeness of the high mountains around them made anything seem possible. He called to the carriers and the interpreters, "Let's move on." When the carriers, still looking fearful, did not move, he added, "Melmichagoan, where our journey ends, lies on the other side of the mountain we are climbing." As soon as the carriers heard this, they began to move quickly. Soon, they thought, there would be a *roof*, a dry bed, warm food and a fire.

Suddenly the word was passed down the line: "A man is lost!"

Lost! This is a word that strikes fear into any man in these mountains. Once lost in a place like this, you may never be found alive again. The carriers crowded closer to each other. And they all crowded closer to the American doctors and to the Sherpa guides, who knew no fear. Each of the carriers thought that perhaps the thing they feared more than any other might have happened. Perhaps the yeti, the deadly snowman they had feared since they were children, had overpowered the missing man. Most people do not believe that a yeti lives in the high snow fields of the Himalayas, but the Sherpas believe he does and some of them say they have seen him. The Tamang carriers told the stories of the yeti that had been passed down to them by the Sherpas who live in the high places. According to them it has the shape of a man, eight feet tall,

and walks on two legs. Its head is pointed and its eyes are dark and shining. The guides lost no time talking about yetis, but started out to look for the missing man. If they could only find him quickly, they knew there was still a chance to save his life. He could not be far away. For a long time they looked for him without success. The clouds grew thicker and, as they climbed higher, snow began to fall.

Slowly they moved to the top of the mountain. There, out of the clouds, they heard a strange cry which made the carriers stop, fearing it might be a yeti.

But there was no yeti on the mountain top, only a cold, lost Tamang carrier trying to find shelter behind a rock from the cutting winds. Once he was found, the other carriers' spirits rose and they all moved on again.

Later that day they arrived at Melmichagoan, a village with twenty-five houses. Behind the thick stone walls lived two hundred Sherpa men, women and children. After meeting the villagers, Doctor Brooks and Doctor Moore organized a health service and asked everybody to come and use it. From eight in the morning until six at night *patients* continued to come in. While treating them, Doctor Moore and Doctor Brooks gathered facts for their report.

They found that the most widespread illness in the village was an infection caused by the fact that most Sherpas used their fingers to put food in their mouths. Although they prepared their food cleanly, most of them did not wash their hands before eating and picked up their food with very dirty fingers.

Even though the Sherpas live in the most lonely country in the world, a number of their sicknesses were found to be the same as those that are well known in the most highly developed countries. First there was the illness we call a cold, which had spread even to this distant place. Then there were ulcers, which are infected and very painful spots inside the body. Ulcers are thought to be a gift of modern times to modern man. They are supposed to be caused by the never-ending drive and rush experienced by all who live in big cities. Yet the Sherpas had ulcers. It appears that Sherpa carriers are just as restless and troubled as any New York businessman.

After completing the health service in Malmichagoan and another village, the health team went back down the mountain to Katmandu. The doctors had the facts they needed to plan a public health program for the hill tribes of Nepal. The first step had been taken.

CHILDREN WITHOUT LEPROSY

Although the program generally called **Point Four** is quite new, the idea of a group of countries' working together to help each other has been tried before with great success. The Institute of Inter-American Affairs was organized by the United States and several Latin American countries for this purpose. The Institute worked with Latin American governments to start public health programs through the Servicio Cooperativo Inter-americano. In our next story we tell you how this organization helped a group of important, public-spirited people in Paraguay to solve a most difficult health problem.

Mrs. Eloisa Talavera de Taboada had finished her visit to the *hospital* at Sapucay and was talking to its *director* in his office. Only patients suffering from one grave illness were admitted to this hospital. The name of the sickness was leprosy and the patients themselves were lepers. To prevent them from infecting other people, lepers must live and receive their *medical* treatments at special hospitals like the one at Sapucay. It is called a leprosarium. In such a place there are sights that are not pretty. Mrs. Taboada had asked to see everything. Since she was the wife of a high official in the government of Paraguay, the director had agreed to show her everything. And the director had been impressed by the interest and good will of this highborn South American lady. What now? the director wondered.

"What hurt me most," Mrs. Taboada said, "was the sight of the children."

"Yes," the director agreed. "Many people feel that way. The children, most of them, do not have leprosy. But their *parents* do. So here they have to stay."

"I feel deeply for the sick and suffering parents.

Still, you are doing what you can for them. But the children! The poor little ones! Can nothing be done for them?"

"Not here," the director said. "Here our work is to help the sick by either improving their condition or by stopping their illness completely. We have no time for the children. They may even get the sickness from their parents. But they cannot live away from them. They have nowhere in this world to go."

"I shall never rest until they have," Mrs. Taboada said.

As soon as she had returned to Asuncion, the capital of Paraguay, she went to ask the President to help the children. She also called on high government officials in the Ministry of Health. Everyone was interested, but no one was able to solve the problem. Mrs. Taboada also visited the United States Ambassador to Paraguay, who was deeply impressed by her cry for help. "There is a Doctor Plunkett coming to Paraguay in a short time," he told her. "He will be the United States member of the Servicio Cooperativo Inter-americano. Perhaps he can help you."

Mrs. Taboada visited Doctor Plunkett as soon as he arrived. She told him the story of the children of lepers who must live at Sapucay and watch the slow and fearful changes that happen to their loved ones' faces, hands and whole bodies, before at last they die. "Can we not do something for these little ones?"

"Perhaps," Doctor Plunkett said. "I believe that the problem could best be solved by building a place we call a preventorium. It is for children of parents who have leprosy and its purpose is to prevent the children from getting the sickness. I will put the matter before the Servicio at our next meeting. If it is possible we will build a preventorium for the children of Sapucay."

"Please," said Mrs. Taboada, "do all you can."

The first Servicio program in Paraguay was a preventorium for the children of Sapucay. Five buildings were put up, including one for girls, another for boys and another for babies. The preventorium was named Santa Teresita.

But Mrs. Taboada knew that this was only a beginning. To get all the beds, tables, chairs and other necessary supplies and *equipment* she formed a group, which included some of the most powerful families in Paraguay. The future of Santa Teresita was made certain.

The land was ready, the buildings were ready and the equipment was ready. But trouble—strange and sudden—came from the lepers themselves.

A public health official went to Sapucay to bring the children to the new Santa Teresita. While the director of Sapucay was taking the public health official around the leprosarium, he sensed that something was wrong. No one seemed to be in any of the buildings. Nor was anyone to be seen in the yard. They stopped at the first house, where a woman, young in age but old with sickness, sat in the sun.

"Our records show that you have two sons," the director said. "Where are they?"

"I have no children," the woman replied.

There were no children in the woman's house.

The director and the official went to the other buildings. Not only were the children gone. Their sick parents—many of them advanced cases—were also gone. They next looked around the garden. A number of women—all mothers of young children—were missing.

The patients were questioned. At first they would say nothing. After being pressed, however, the husband of one of the missing women spoke. "My wife has gone into the hills with the children."

"But she is sick. She should not be in the hills."

"Yes, she is sick. She would have stayed here. But not when they would take our children. When we came here you promised us that you would not take them away. Now you are taking them. For that reason my woman has gone into the hills. Even if she has nothing, she wants to live with her children."

The officials and doctors tried to change the opinion of the patients, but it was no use. Even while the official was at Sapucay, other women left the leprosarium and took their children into the hills. The official left quickly to bring this bad news to Asuncion. It seemed that the preventorium, after all the labors of Mrs. Taboada and many gifts from the people of Paraguay and the government of the United States, was to fail before it even opened.

But Mrs. Taboada knew that it could not and must not fail. It was too important, and necessary, to fail. Someone had to talk to the lepers and explain the preventorium and quiet their fears. It seemed to be her job. She could talk to presidents and high officials. She could also talk to poor lepers. She quickly left for Sapucay.

Once there she soon found the cause of the trouble. In the yard of the leprosarium she heard a patient talking to other patients. "Don't let them take your children," this man, himself a leper, told the other men and women. "What do you or I know about such things as a preventorium? But we know about doctors. Do we not see them all the time? All they do is to try new ways of treating our sickness. But have they helped us? Will they help our children? No. They will only use them for some new treatment they have thought of before using it on us."

After the man had finished, Mrs. Taboada went across the yard and called him aside. She asked him to tell her his own story. Just as all the others in this place, he had suffered deeply. He had lost his farm, his home and his friends. There was nothing left for him but his children.

"What do I have in this life?" he asked. "Only the hope that I will soon go into the next life. And my children? My children love me. To them I am not a sick and helpless man. I am their father. What do they see around here? Other fathers like me. All are the same. But if you take them away and put them among people who do not have this deadly illness, then they will come to see me as I am—a sick and broken man. I cannot live without my children. My wife can't live without them. Take them and I die."

After listening to the man, Mrs. Taboada began to speak. She asked, "What do you want most for your children?"

"Health. So that they will not suffer as I have."

"Yes," Mrs. Taboada agreed. "And that is what we want for them. For this reason we have worked to build the preventorium. If the children stay here they too may get the sickness and suffer. If they go to the other place, the doctors and nurses will guard them against it. Would you keep from your children what you yourself want most?"

"No," the leper said. "I would not wish to do that."

Later that afternoon the man came to Mrs. Taboada in the office. "You are right and I was wrong. My children will go. I have sent word to my wife."

This proved to be the turning point in the story of Santa Teresita. All the doubts and fears of the parents were not ended in a day. But in the course of a few weeks one after another of them allowed their children to leave Sapucay and enter the preventorium.

Today, as a result of the labor of love Mrs. Taboada began many years ago, Santa Teresita is a successful and growing place. But she is not resting in her efforts for the preventorium. She has started a drive to raise money for another building. In it will be new classrooms and shops to teach new trades and skills to the boys and girls of Santa Teresita. For Mrs. Taboada there is no point at which good work should stop. It is never finished.

TALEGAO - GOA
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VILLAGE OF NA NGOO

People would rather live in clean places than in dirty ones. They would rather drink pure water than dirty water. They would rather be in good health than sick. Those who think that the people of underdeveloped places do not want to be helped and cannot be helped, should know the story of the village of Na Ngoo.

Na Ngoo is one of hundreds of villages around Bangkok, the capital of Thailand. During the heavy rains in July and August the rivers are flooded and the Thai farmers go out of the villages to work in their rice paddies. A year of such labor might bring a Thai family no more than forty dollars. Any addition to this amount would only be possible by raising and selling a few animals and some fruits.

There are people who say that a Thai farmer is poor but happy. Others say he would be happier still, if he could earn more money; if he planted other crops after harvesting his rice crop; if he cleaned his house and yard and escaped sickness and death at too early an age. The government of Thailand, with the help of American technicians, is therefore making every effort to improve the Thai farmer's health and earning power.

The Thai farmer often is against new methods and new ways. For this reason Thai officials choose one village in each farming district to demonstrate to all the neighboring villages that being poor and sick is not a necessary way of life. Na Ngoo was a village picked out for this purpose.

That is why a car one day arrived in Na Ngoo, bringing a health team under the direction of Alexander Robertson, its American member, Doctor Dhein Draivichien, director of the Choluburi Health Training Center, and Nai Chit Chivonge, a Thai health official. Stopping their car as close to the center of the village as possible, the three men got out and looked around. They saw just what they had expected. Na Ngoo was very dirty, poor and sickly.

That afternoon the team gathered a group of Thais around their moving picture machine and showed them a moving picture from Hollywood. The villagers enjoyed it very much. Other Thais came in from the fields or walked across from their small and poorly-built houses, which are called huts. The team then showed a second moving picture, which demonstrated ways of improving sanitation and public health. The Thais enjoyed this picture just as much as the first. Doctor Draivichien then talked about the health problems of the village and explained why a health and sanitation program was important to them all. By this time the whole village had gathered. Doctor Draivichien asked them to think about what he had said, and fixed a date for a second meeting. He told them to come to it if they were interested. The team then returned to Choluburi, a town about twenty-five miles away.

The second meeting was held a week later. This time Doctor Draivichien asked the villagers themselves to talk about their most important problems in the village. They all agreed that their first problem was—water. Their water supply was almost a mile distant. During the heavy rains the water was dirty and full of mud; in the dry season there was almost no water to be had.

The team promised to provide a supply of safe, clean water, if the villagers would agree to do three things. First, they would have to start a general program of health and sanitation. Second, they would have to build a certain number of *privies*. Third, they would have to begin a general clean-up of houses and yards. If the villagers did not agree to all these parts of the program, it could not possibly be successful.

The heads of the fifty families of Na Ngoo talked a long time for and against the program, but in the end they all agreed to it. A few days later the villagers met to choose a group to lead the village in the health program. There were five men and two women on it, including the village chief and the village schoolteacher. They decided to start the clean-up program on the Buddhist day of rest, Wan Phra, as it was the only day on which people would not be working in their fields and paddies.

Later that day Robertson met Doctor Draivichien and Nai Chit Chivonge at the Health Training Center in Choluburi. "We've made real prgress in Na Ngoo," Robertson said. "Who said the Thais would not help themselves? The villagers of Na Ngoo are proving them wrong."

Nai Chit Chivonge smiled. "All goes well till now, but these are my people. I know them. It is one thing to talk about changing, but quite another to do the changing itself. Be happy. But wait."

Wan Phra, the Buddhist day of rest, came. The three team members did not go to Na Ngoo, but sent one of their Thai helpers to watch what would happen. Robertson prepared for a long day of waiting, but felt sure that at least half of the fifty families in Na Ngoo would come out to work that day.

It was long after dark when their man returned from Na Ngoo. Nai Chit Chivonge asked the important question: "How many village families were working?" He spoke in Thai.

The man replied in Thai and held up five fingers. "What does he mean?" Robertson asked. "Don't tell me that only five families came to work today."

Doctor Draivichien looked at Robertson. "I'm afraid that is just what happened."

"Well," Robertson said to the others, "I guess that's the end of our program at Na Ngoo."

"This may look bad to you," Nai Chit Chivonge replied with a smile. "To me it looks good. Five families worked today at Na Ngoo. That is five more than I expected!" They all began to laugh and Robertson laughed too. He realized that his fellow workers believed even five families could be called a success.

Doctor Draivichien spoke the last words of the evening. "Let us do the same thing again next Wan Phra. By then there will be more families working there."

And he proved to be right. Next Wan Phra there were seven families working on the clean-up program. After another week the number of families doubled. Then Robertson knew that the program would be successful. Each week more families joined. At the end of ten weeks all of the fifty families were working together. As the clean-up program neared completion, the villagers themselves were surprised at the results. Houses had been cleaned and aired. The required number of privies had been built. Flower and vegetable gardens had been planted and kept in good order. Nor did they forget to clean their animals and the places where they were kept.

And, best of all, no one stood over the people and forced them to work. They had all done it of their own free will, and when the work was finished every one of them had done his share to make their village look clean and beautiful. A few months later the health team left Na Ngoo and went to another village in another district. There a new demonstration would be held for other villagers to *copy*.

As a result of these efforts, more and more villages in Thailand are becoming good and clean places like Na Ngoo. And the villagers who live in them feel well and happy and earn more money than they ever did before.

EARTHQUAKE IN PERU

Our next story will tell you what happened to a little place called Satipo in Peru, when it was stricken on November 1, 1958, by a great shaking of the earth called an earthquake. The material for this story was taken from a report by Doctor Fernando Orihuela, the director of the local hospital, whom we wish to honor for the part he played in that *disaster*. The doctor is a South American who has served on medical programs organized by the United States and the Latin American countries.

Doctor Oriheula was teaching public health in a classroom at Satipo Hospital when the great earthquake began. The first *shock* seemed to rise up slowly through the floor. Doctor Orihuela felt it first in the bottom of his shoes. And then he saw it. The shock waves rolled up the walls of the classroom and everything in it seemed suddenly to be pulled out of shape. Not a single one of the *students* made a sound, nor were there any cries heard from outside. A number of lesser shocks followed quickly, one after another. Then they again increased in strength until the whole building was shaking from top to bottom. It was at this point that everyone began to shout and to run.

Doctor Orihuela ran toward a large hall containing two rows of beds filled with patients. He found his young medical helpers crowded together in the center of the hall, too afraid to move or do anything. The doctor shouted orders to them but could not be heard above the sound of the earthquake. He therefore took hold of one corner of a bed and began to pull it toward the door. When the helpers saw this, they crossed over to him and themselves moved the bed out of the hall. Patients able to walk tried to reach the door with the help of the nurses. As the earthquake began to build toward another big shock, people were thrown on the floor and against the wall. The world had turned upside down. The roof was where the floor should have been, and from every part of the building came the sound of tearing and breaking.

At last all patients were safely outside in the yard of the hospital. A few moments later they all cried out, when they saw its walls and roof fall on the space from which they had just been moved. Doctor Orihuela rushed from one patient to another trying to quiet their fears.

It had taken three years to build the hospital. The doctor had seen it grow into a fine medical center for the whole district. Now in ten minutes it had been destroyed.

Above the sound of crashing buildings, another and still more fearful one could now be heard. Across the valley whole mountainsides began to move and roll down into the river. A road that had been built along the hilltops on that side of the valley was gone in a moment. This was the last day of the week and Doctor Orihuela knew that many farmers and their families must have been using it at that time.

At last the shocks grew weaker and things became more quiet. The doctor ran to the ruined hospital building and found one wing was still standing. He remembered it had a storeroom full of medical supplies. There would be need for all he could get. He hurried inside but saw that everything had been destroyed. Broken glass containers were lying all over the floor. They had been filled with much-needed medicines, including the life-saving vaccines he was so much in need of now.

Already the earthquake was again building up in strength. After a shock of great force the roof of the wing broke open across the middle and Doctor Orihuela rushed back into the yard.

He turned away as the walls of the remaining wing crashed to the ground. He could not watch the hospital die. Three years of work was dying with it. After a time he was able to speak to one of his medical helpers.

"Juan," he said, "I am going back to the hospital to look for more medical supplies. I want you and the other helpers to move our patients to higher ground." As a result of his order, more than twenty lives were saved a short time later. After giving these directions the doctor went to the marketplace, where he quickly organized a group of men to help him find more medical supplies among the ruins of the hospital.

As he was leading them toward it, they heard the sound they all had feared the most. It was the

river running over its banks and rushing over the center of the village. People ran in all directions. Doctor Orihuela tried to call to them. But it was useless to shout. Nothing could be heard against the overpowering noise made by a wall of water over twelve feet high that now rushed down on them. It broke over houses and shops and destroyed them all. The doctor watched it strike the hospital, tearing the ruined building out of its old position. The sight of it rolling over and over in the rushing water was too much for him. He stopped and could not take another step. But his wife came down from the hill and asked him to go on. They turned first toward the center of the village and then toward the hill. The wall of water moved in their direction, but a small hill turned it off to one side. They ran up a second hill. It was covered with people, who held on to small trees and tried to pull themselves above the rushing water. It continued to rise, until some of the men on the hill could only keep their footing by forming a human chain of hands. At last the water stopped rising.

Doctor Orihuela stood on the hillside and looked at what the earthquake had done to Satipo. It had started only half an hour before. Now the hospital was destroyed. Satipo was destroyed.

The water went down but the earthquake continued. The shocks, however, were becoming less strong as time went on. The doctor sent parties of men to the village to look for people who had been hurt or killed. They found far fewer than he had expected.

As the water was still high in many parts of the village, Doctor Orihuela had all the patients moved still higher up the hillside. When this had been done, the medical helpers built a shelter for the doctor and his family, using broken pieces of wood from the village houses. The men of the village, after watching them for a time, went to work and also built shelters for their families.

It rained that night and a cold wind started to blow. Each family tried to keep warm in its little shelter by crowding together as closely as possible. No one had any heavy clothes. No one had any covers. No one had anything to eat except a few vegetables that had been washed up from some house or garden. It was not surprising that under these conditions many people felt very low in spirit.

"What can we do?" the doctor was asked by many. "We have lost everything!"

"Yes, everything," the doctor replied, "except our lives! Let us be thankful for that! When the earthquake stops we will build a new town."

The shocks of the dying earthquake still continued from time to time. During the night those who were sick or hurt cried out in pain and fear. There was no medicine. No help. For two days the whole village had to stay under their small crowded shelters. At last the shocks stopped completely.

The people's spirits rose very quickly. The medical helpers went out to gather wood and built a bigger shelter. Doctor Orihuela put in it the people who had been hurt the most. Every day the shelter grew in size, if not in beauty. Someone called it "Satipo Hospital the Second." That made the people laugh. Things were getting better.

Farmers from the neighboring hills brought food to Satipo. The village chief took care of it and divided it equally among all. Working parties went over every inch of the ground where the hospital had stood. They found some medical supplies deep in the mud. Many people became sick. Using what medicines he had, the doctor worked day and night to help his patients. Water and sanitation remained his most pressing problems. Although he told everyone to *boil* water for drinking purposes, many used the dirty river water instead. Under these conditions the doctor feared an epidemic might start at any moment.

But help from Lima arrived just in time. An *airplane* landed with three Army doctors. They brought important medical supplies, including the vaccines Satipo needed most. Without losing any time, Doctor Orihuela and the Army doctors used them for vaccinating all of Satipo's eight hundred villagers.

The men of Satipo met to choose a place where they would build a newer and better town. They decided that it must be built further up the hill, away from the river. When Doctor Orihuela rested a few minutes from his never-ending duties, he too made plans for the future. He looked up the hillside. He could see a spot there which would be just the right place for the new hospital.

PART IV

EDUCATION OR WORLD DISASTER

As a result of the great developments which have happened in our time, the size of the world has suddenly become very small indeed. Today a fast airplane can fly from any place on earth to any other place in a matter of hours. The fact is that all of the people of the world have become next-door neighbors in a very real sense.

It is also a fact that man today has weapons at his command by which he can destroy himself and all life upon this earth. On that subject Doctor L. G. Derthick, United States Commissioner of Education, has these words to say: "People must get to know each other to be able to trust and work with each other. Only through education will all members of the human family learn that they must either live together in peace or die together in one last world disaster."

The attempts made by Point Four to raise the level of education everywhere is therefore one of the most important things it is doing today. Our next four stories will demonstrate to you the difficult conditions and problems Point Four technicians have to meet in the course of their work.

The race between education and world disaster is a race which mankind cannot and must not lose.

EDUCATION UNDER THE COMMUNIST SHADOW

Americans have many reasons for going to distant places to teach. Some may wish to travel. Others like to meet new problems in new places. Still others desire to help underdeveloped countries. Each person has his own reasons for going. Whatever Luanna Bowles's reasons may have been for teaching in Iran, she did a fine and successful job, as usual. As you will see in our next story, however, the strange conditions under which she had to work were very far from usual.

Luanna Bowles was seated in a car that was driving her through the high Elburz mountains of Northern Iran. Sharing the car with Miss Bowles ("Miss" is the English word for a woman who is not married) were two Iranian teachers and an American who would help her organize a summer training course for village teachers. They were Miss Vida Khazai and Mr. Behravesh of Iran and Mr. Berryessa from America. Miss Bowles had arrived in Iran only a week ago, and already she was on the way to a teacher-training course to be held in Sari, a city on the Caspian Sea near Russian Turkestan.

It was a very hot day in July and a strong wind was blowing clouds of dust into the car as it climbed up a very bad mountain road. While Miss Khazai, Behravesh and Berryessa forcefully expressed their feelings about the heat, the dust and the condition of the road, Miss Bowles did not say a word. For years she had been teaching people how to read, write and teach in many countries of the free world. But as a girl she had herself learned from her parents to see the world as it really is and to accept things and people as she found them. And that is why she did not join the others in objecting to things she knew she could not change.

As soon as she got a chance to speak, however, Miss Bowles said to them, "Tell me all you know about the training course at Sari."

"It was organized by our Iranian Ministry of Education," Behravesh replied, "and your American Point Four. It is for teachers from villages around the Caspian Sea. There will be about a hundred teachers—all men."

Miss Khazai said: "We want your help to show our future teachers the meaning of modern education."

"The teachers taking this course," Berryessa explained, "know nothing about the new methods used in education, although they are all willing to learn. They know nothing of teaching by doing. Some of them think they can talk on and on and the people will learn just by listening to them. That really is the chief problem we have in education."

"But we have other problems, too," Behravesh said. "We never know if this course will go on for the full six weeks as we planned or if it will end suddenly—with trouble."

"What kind of trouble?" Miss Bowles asked.

"You know that in this part of the coutry we are close to Soviet Russia. Paid Communist agents have been sent into Iran from there. Some have been trained in our villages and towns by other agents. Although there are only a few of them, they can make a lot of trouble. They may publicly attack our training program or you, because you are an American. Or they may get a crowd of people to march through the streets and demonstrate against it. They might even destroy our school if they dared. I tell you this not to make you feel afraid, but to prepare you for what might happen."

"But how will we know these people?" Miss Bowles asked.

"We won't, because they always remain under cover. One of them may be serving you in a shop. Or he may be one of the village teachers in the course. We don't know."

"Thank you for telling me all this," Miss Bowles said. "I am a person who never willingly causes trouble, but neither have I ever run away from it. I shall do my duty at the school."

By this time the car had passed over the top of the mountain and was starting on its long drive down to the Caspian Sea. The further they went the more beautiful the country became. After passing through green forests and fine farmlands they at last arrived in Sari.

During her first day in the town, Miss Bowles had no trouble except to find a suitable place where she and Miss Khazai could stay for the six weeks of the course. Behravesh and Berryessa looked in every part of the town but found nothing. "Few women travel by themselves in this country," the Chief of Education told Miss Bowles. "And people who own large homes are afraid to take you in because of the Communists. I fear you will have to stay at Babolsar."

Miss Khazai said, "But that is over twenty-five miles from here and the road is very bad."

"There is nothing we can do, I am afraid," the official said.

"Say no more about it," Miss Bowles decided. "We will stay at Babolsar."

On the first day of the summer school Miss Bowles and Miss Khazai visited a class, sitting in the back of the room. The teacher was showing his students how to teach arithmetic. As he was talking in Farsi, Miss Bowles could not understand the words, but she knew from long experience how students looked and acted when they could not follow the teacher. It was clear that the teacher, too, was sure neither of himself nor of the modern way of teaching.

After the class Miss Bowles and Miss Khazai talked to the teacher. "I found your class very interesting," Miss Bowles said. "Although I could not follow the Farsi, I knew what you were teaching. But I wonder if the class did. You wish to help them learn how to teach addition. Remember that these people in the villages have never used figures for numbers. But they have added groups of articles together. Why not start them that way, using something they all know, such as pieces of wood or apples? Then they will see that the figure seven," Miss Bowles wrote a Farsi seven on the blackboard, "is

the figure we use when we group together these three apples with these four apples."

After working with the arithmetic teacher, Miss Bowles went to another class where the teacher was working on methods of teaching students how to read. After the class Miss Bowles again said something nice to the teacher about his work. Then she asked some useful questions. "Couldn't you have them tell some old stories in the class that the villagers know themselves? Can you think of any that could be used, Miss Khazai?"

"They all know Ferdowsi's stories of the old kings of Iran."

"Well, have them tell these stories in their own words. Then you write them down in very simple Farsi. Then they read it. It is much better to start with something that is known to them and that interests them."

At the end of the first school day Miss Bowles and Miss Khazai started on their long trip back to Babolsar. After a well-earned rest they rose very early to drive another twenty-five miles back to the school.

Each day there was talk of trouble. Someone had told someone else that a third person, whom he had promised on his word of honor not to name, knew for certain that the Communists would never allow the summer course to finish. He also knew that five of the student teachers were Communists. Miss Bowles was much too busy with her work to listen to all the reports of future trouble that continued to reach her. Nor did she make any attempt to discover who the five Communists were. She simply kept firm control of every group in which she worked. Some people told her she should ask for a guard to ride with her on the drive between Sari and Babolsar, but she did not agree with them.

"They have no reason to hurt me," she said. "I'm only a teacher."

And Miss Bowles was proving that she was a good teacher. She was proving it in Iran, just as she had proved it in America and the Far East. The teachers at the school were turning the classes more and more into demonstrations and were no longer doing all the talking. The village teachers, who were the students in these classes, were slow to begin asking questions, but a few of the more gifted ones did. "What is this new education?" these people asked. "How does it work in a poor village? Will the people not expect us to tell them everything, just as at first we expected our teachers here to tell us everything? How can we get them to ask questions and to talk about things?"

Miss Bowles smiled. "You're proving that good education gets results. You are now asking questions. You did not ask them when you first came here!"

In this way the days and weeks passed quickly. On the last day of the course a man in the town said to Miss Bowles, "I am sure there will be trouble tomorrow. The Communists always choose a special day for it. I am certain it will start during the closing program when the great hall of the school will be crowded."

On the following morning Miss Bowles and Miss Khazai arrived at the school from Babolsar for the

closing program. It was quiet in Sari. Few people were in the streets. Miss Bowles noticed the strange quiet but said nothing. Miss Khazai also said nothing. The first sign of possible trouble came when they arrived at the gates of the school.

Two policemen were marching up and down before the gate carrying their guns over their shoulders. A number of guards had also been stationed inside the gate.

"Why are they here?" Miss Bowles asked the school official who had met them at the gate.

"Some of the men at the school were sure there would be trouble," the official replied. "The police are afraid something will happen. Perhaps we should stop the whole program."

"Surely we should do just what we planned," Miss Bowles said. "The teachers have worked hard. This will mean a lot to them."

"We all agree with you," the director and teachers said.

The complete program was done just as it had been planned. At times Miss Bowles saw the sunlight shining on the guns of the guards as they marched up and down in front of the school. If troublemakers were watching, they too must have seen that the police were ready.

When the program ended and Miss Bowles and Miss Khazai were driving out of the school, they stopped to speak to the guards, who were lined up at the gate, ready to march back to town. Miss Bowles smiled at them and said "Thank you" in Farsi.

"This is our duty," one of the policemen said. "We should thank you for teaching."

"This is my job—my duty," Miss Bowles told him.

"You have a very important work," the policeman said. "I wish that we could learn to read and write."

"Perhaps you will," Miss Bowles told him.

"Perhaps," another policeman agreed. "Who knows?"

The answer to that question was given less than a year later. At that time Miss Bowles was asked to organize a program for the men of the Imperial Iranian Police to teach them how to read and write. Needless to say, she accepted the new job. When the program ended, after a year's work, more than twelve thousand policemen had learned to read and write. In distant villages some of these men guarded their posts with schoolbooks in their hands.

The shadows from the North still lie over Iran, but the work done by people like Luanna Bowles helps to bring new light that may some day drive the shadows away completely.

A SCHOOL ON THE ALTIPLANO

The Point Four army is small in numbers. Only three thousand Point Four technicians are at work on all its programs in more than fifty countries in the world. But the results of their efforts will help hundreds of millions of people. Three thousand men and women, no matter how skilled, no matter how willing, could do very little by themselves. The job is too big. The Point Four technician knows this. To do the big job he must have the willing hands of thousands of local helpers. The Point Four technician must show local people how to help themselves. For that reason Point Four wants a technician to be a teacher as well as a doer. The reason is not difficult to see.

It is therefore very important how well the local person is trained by the technician. Nothing pleases a technician more than to be able to say "Well done" to his local helper, also called his counterpart.

In the next story the name of the American technician will not appear. The technician wrote the report from which the material for this story was taken, to show how her South American counterparts worked in a village in the Andes. This is a story of two South American teachers who were trained by American technicians. Juana and Jorge solved their problems in their own way and in their own time. Some of their methods come from their training. Some of their success comes from their own good sense and never-failing interest in their work.

Juana Rodriguez is a woman of small size and weight, though she has done work that would be too heavy for many men. Her skin is soft and clear, though she has ridden through the wind and rain of the Andes. And her dark eyes are often bright and shining when she laughs, though she has seen her share of troubles. In South American education she is a soldier fighting in the front line. She works in the villages on the Altiplano (high plains of the Andes mountains) teaching homemaking to the girls and women in the village schools.

Jorge Greco is a tall, thin man who was born in a small village of the Andes. As a result he knows and understands the people in the villages well and, like Juana Rodriguez, he is a teacher.

One day Jorge came riding into Rosas on a *mule,* gathered the people around him and asked the question, "Do you want a school in this village?"

"Yes," they said, "we want a school."

Jorge smiled. He knew why they wanted a school. They were thinking that there would be free government medicine and sometimes moving pictures at night. And they were thinking that Chiubura, a neighboring village, had a school. But there was more to having a school than the wish to get free medicine or moving pictures or to have as many good things as your neighbor.

Jorge's second question was, "Who will give the land for the school?"

Instead of answering, the villagers slowly turned away and went to their homes. But Jorge was used to that. He knew that the village people act very slowly. That night Jorge wrote a letter to his wife, who was staying in the chief town of this district with their children. Jorge closed the letter, "Tell Juana Rodriguez that she will soon be coming to Rosas. There will be a school here. This is a good village."

The next morning the people of the village gathered at their usual meeting place and waited for Jorge. They knew that he would come. He walked by the circle of villagers several times as if he did not see them. Then he came to them and said, "A school cannot be built in the sky. Where will we get the land?"

Again no one answered, until an old villager said, "We can get the land. Are we poorer than Chiubura?"

Jorge showed no sign of joy now that the first step had been taken. It was important for these people to understand that the school was for them, not for him. "To build a school means hard work," Jorge told them. "Who will do that?"

"The women will do it," said the old villager, and the other men agreed.

Jorge came out every day to watch the school being built. The women did all the work while the men sat around in a circle and watched them. Jorge decided it was time to see if Juana could come to Rosas.

"The women work well," he said.

The villagers said nothing to that. What else did he expect of women, they wondered. Of course they worked well.

"Will the girls who take care of your animals come to the school?" Jorge asked the men. "The women are doing all the work; therefore they should share in the use of the building."

"They will," a villager said. "They will be allowed to send their men children to the school."

There was nothing else for Jorge to say. It was not time yet for Juana to come to Rosas. In any case the school had to be finished first. Jorge was an experienced builder. He showed the women how to do their jobs. He showed them how the work should be planned and shared. In ten days the new school was finished.

Letters came from Juana and Jorge's wife, asking what he was doing in Rosas. Was he sleeping in the sun?

Instead of sleeping in the sun, Jorge was working very hard. He had found a fresh supply of water above the village. He showed the village boys how to bring the water down to Rosas. He helped them build a place to store water and showed them how to cover it. When people became sick, Jorge supplied them with medicine. Each day he was growing stronger in the village. He brought in new kinds of animals from the government farms. He showed the men how to get better crops. He explained to them about fertilizer and how best to use the water on their land.

One day Jorge knew that he was strong enough to get the women admitted to the school. He told some of the boys to bring their sisters to the schoolyard. The sisters sat away from the class and listened, without ever showing any sign that they listened. The men sat away from the women on the other side and made believe that they did not see the women there. Jorge wrote to Juana, "Come to Rosas. Your work can begin." He also wrote to his wife, "Be prepared to come to Rosas. Our house is almost finished."

Juana arrived in the village. The villagers thought that she was Jorge's wife. They wondered why he had built a second house so that she could live by herself. But what really surprised them was the windows that Juana put into her house. She had brought the glass in on mules. Juana's house was just like the other houses in the village. But the windows were different. Nobody in Rosas had windows. The women of the village came to Juana's house to look and talk and wonder. Juana asked them in.

One heavy old lady, whose tall hat almost touched the roof, looked with questioning eyes at a strange article standing against the wall. She pointed one fat finger at it and asked, "What is this black iron box? Do you keep things in it?"

Juana explained to the women that the black box was called a stove and that she used it to cook food on. They had never seen anything like it. "How will the smoke get out?" asked a young bright girl. "There is no hole in the wall."

Juana showed them the stove *pipe* going through the roof, which Jorge had built for that purpose. When the village women went home they continued to talk about the black box, the legs on the *stove* and the stove pipe. Juana knew that they would be back. For the village women Juana's house was filled with wonders and surprises.

Juana did not start any classes during her first month in the village. The completion of her house and the house for Jorge's wife gave the village enough to talk and think about. Jorge finished the roof and set the windows. The women and the village girls watched everything. Juana and Soledad, Jorge's wife, who had arrived in Rosas a few days before, began to lay out a kitchen garden. The women were filled with wonder when Juana told them about all the different, good-tasting vegetables she would grow there. They had never heard of any of them.

Jorge built and covered a place to store drinking water for the houses. To the girls and the men who came to watch and wonder, Juana explained that deadly illnesses could be caught from water taken from places that were not covered.

Jorge built two privies. Juana explained the need for clean yards. Juana showed some American public health notices which explained how villages could be clean. *Committees* were formed and two women were put on one of the committees. Juana knew that she could begin classes soon.

The girls had often asked Juana, "Why do you live alone in such a large house?"

"I made it so large," Juana said, "because I wanted some of you to come to live in it with me. We are going to have some classes and you will learn more about my house."

Juana, Soledad and Jorge had already picked out five of the brightest of the village girls who were to come and live in Juana's new house. Jorge talked to the girls' fathers and he talked so well that only one of the five would not agree to let his daughter stay there.

Juana started her home-live classes with four girls. There were no objections. It was not as if the girls were going to school in the same way as the boys. As Jorge had explained, the girls were learning useful things so that they could keep better homes for their fathers and husbands.

Juana found that the village girls in Rosas had the same things to learn as in other places. They were no different from other village girls on the Altiplano. Juana had to teach them the importance of washing themselves to keep their bodies clean. In this cold country people were not used to doing that very often. Juana also showed them how to wash their clothes and keep them looking nice and clean.

The girls in the first class soon got used to the windows. In the morning when the sun was shining through, the girls warmed their hands on the glass. But they never failed to be impressed by a wonderful article called a sewing machine, which Juana used to make and repair clothes. Later on she began to teach the girls how easy it was to use it themselves and soon they were able to make and repair their own dresses.

Soledad brought her baby to Juana's house every morning. Juana pointed out the difference between Jorge's and Soledad's child and the babies in the village. "See how fat he is," Juana said, pointing at the baby's rounded face. "See how he reaches out after me. See him smile. He is such a strong baby. But it is not easy to keep a baby so well."

Soledad showed the girls that all of her baby's drinking water had to be boiled first. She showed the girls another wonderful thing—how to prepare dried milk. Soon all mothers of new babies were asking for it.

Juana was never angry with the village girls, but she was always firm. Every morning she made the girls air their bedding and hang up their clothes.

Every morning the girls lined up to show that they had washed their faces and hands. After two weeks Juana had no need to tell the girls to wash. They watched each other. Within a month there were only a few things that went wrong. One day Rita, who was much younger than any of the other girls, happened to forget to boil the water before she made milk for a neighbor's baby. The baby became sick and Rita learned a lot from this bad experience.

After the girls had been in her house for a month, two other village girls wished to join. The father of one of the girls brought her to Juana's house. "I wish her to learn to use that wonderful sewing machine," the father said.

Juana started reading and writing classes the first month. After another month the girls had learned so much that they were able to read their first simple schoolbooks. After three months the girls could read all of the schoolbooks and many of the simple health notices. Juana let the girls demonstrate their new knowledge at home. They read notices about malaria and other deadly sicknesses to their parents.

So it went for six months. At the end of that time all the young women in the village wanted to go to the "woman's school." As there was not room enough in Juana's house, they began to hold classes in the big school at night. Soon men and women were working together in the night classes. After the first year Juana's first group of girls were teaching others.

They started homemaking clubs in the village. Women came to the clubs to learn new ways of cooking and to use the two sewing machines that

were there. Garden clubs were started. The girls from the first class talked to the village women about the food value of different vegetables. Clean-up programs were started in the village after the first year.

Then Juana noticed signs of progress that she remembered seeing in other villages. Rita said that her mother had asked her father for a new stove. Rita's father often traveled over the mountains with his mule to the chief village of the district. One day he brought in some iron from the village market and built a new kind of stove that stood on iron legs. Rita's mother and father were proud of the new stove. The other people in the village were asked in to see the good work of Rita's father. Other women began to ask their husbands for stoves.

Another woman of the village liked the windows. When her husband built their house, she had him build it wider and space was left for glass. They brought the glass in on mules. For the first time one of the villagers' houses had a glass window.

New crops were tried under Jorge's guidance. The village water supply was increased. Whenever supplies came in by mule, they contained a lot of the new dried milk. Once things began to change, they changed very quickly.

Rosa, a girl from Juana's first class, married a man from another village. "I will teach them what I have learned from you," Rosa promised. "Those poor people do not know what we know." Juana gave Rosa books and papers for her small village school.

Boys and girls went to school together and sat in the same classrooms. A new wing was added to the school, so that homemaking demonstrations could be given. There were no more objections about education for the girls.

A health center for babies was started in the village, Juana and the girls she had trained began to teach the village women that it is better to keep babies well than to have to treat them after they are sick. At the health center Juana's girls did most of the teaching and the village women listened to them. In this way the girls made an honored place for themselves in the village.

The day came when Juana realized that she was nearing the end of her stay there. At the sewing class on this day, the wife of a rich man told Juana, "Soon I will not have to come here any more to use this machine. My husband is buying me one."

"I am so glad to hear it," Juana said.

She turned away, feeling happy but also a bit sad. She knew she would be leaving Rosas soon to start work in another village.

ALL IS NOT SUCCESS

All of our stories up till now have ended happily. But there are others, of course, that end quite differently. To keep the record straight, we now will tell you one of these which happened in Ethiopia. The Point Four technician had been sent there to help the government in the production of new books

and other reading materials for their schools. His work made it necessary for him to travel all over that big country, and on one of his trips he had a very strange and sad experience, which we will tell you just the way it happened.

The inspector from the schools of Western Ethiopia was standing with his back to the windows of the Point Four Education Office. His work as an inspector required him to make many trips to these schools and report on their condition and progress. Only a few feet away from him Doctor Davis stood watching the rain streaming down the windows. He realized that the rain came to Addis Ababa, the capital of Ethiopia, out of the west, from the same districts that the inspector wanted him to visit.

"It will be no easy trip, Doctor Davis," the inspector said. "A lot of rain is falling in the west. The rivers are running high. The roads are deep under mud. But I think it is worth going through all that to visit our Shankilla school."

"I'll certainly be interested to go and see it . . ." Davis decided to say no more than that. He was afraid to hurt the Ethiopian inspector's feelings if he told him the reason for his interest. The Shankilla were poorer than any of the other fifty or more tribes in Ethiopia. They were not even a tribe in the real sense of the word. Shankilla was just a name given to all the poor, sick, beaten people living in the Didessa Valley. All the neighboring tribes had at one time or another attacked the Shankilla, taking everything from them they had ever owned.

Long ago they had been driven from their good lands in the hills into the valley of the sleeping sickness, where they still remained. More than any other tribe the Shankilla needed schools and education, if they were to live a better and a fuller life.

"The Shankilla have a lot to learn," said the tall, proud inspector, who was a member of the Galla tribe. "But we must help them because they are Ethiopians. That is why our government has built the school for them."

"I know about the Shankilla," Davis agreed. "Perhaps I can be of help by bringing them books, paper and anything else that might be useful for their school."

The inspector laughed. "You may have to take your books to them on mules. The school is beyond Ullaganti in the Didessa Valley."

"My truck can go most places that a mule will go," Davis said.

"But not to Ullaganti," the inspector replied. "The school has been open two years, but I have never been able to visit it. I will be glad to go there with you. Today I leave for the west. Shall I meet you in Lekemti?"

"Lekemti will be fine," Davis said. "I will start in two days."

The chief purpose of Davis's trip to the west was to show teachers how to use the new arithmetic books that Point Four and the Ethiopian Ministry of Education had produced. He was also taking along books dealing with other subjects and copies of the new school newspapers which Point Four had produced. Most important of all, he was going to bring supplies to the new Shankilla school.

The next day Davis met Gabre, another member of the Galla tribe, who was to act as interpreter. After putting all the schoolbooks and supplies as well as food, water and two guns into Davis's big truck, the two men started on their trip.

The new road from Addis Ababa to Lekemti was still firm, although it had been raining for several days. The train continued through the night and Davis found they could not travel as fast as he had hoped. The heavy weight of the truck slowed them down and they also lost time climbing the hills beyond Addis Alem. When the sun rose, black clouds in the west showed that more rain was coming.

They ran into their first trouble beyond Ambo, as Davis was letting the heavy truck go slowly down a high hill. Suddenly Gabre cried out and pointed forward. Only then Davis saw the bus. It was almost the same color as the road and difficult to see in the rain. It had turned sideways and completely cut off the road at the bottom of the hill.

Using all his strength, Davis tried to slow down, but the heavy weight of the truck continued to pull it down the hill. A crowd of Ethiopians were dancing in the road around the stopped bus. Even while fighting to control the forward movement of the truck, Davis noticed that the Ethiopians were wearing green plants around their necks, a sign that two of them had just been married. Davis made one more attempt to stop the truck before it reached the dancers, but without success. At the last moment he quickly turned the truck to one side. It shot off the road, climbed up a bank at the side and went nose down into the soft mud of a field.

Davis and Gabre climbed out into the gathering crowd of dancers, who had not even noticed the truck until the last moment. Its front wheels were down and its back wheels were turning freely in the air.

The Ethiopians now had a second car to dance around. The whole group started jumping and circling around the truck, while the dancers waved sticks in the air and sang.

"Ask them to help us," Davis told Gabre.

Gabre shouted at the dancers and they shouted back; but the jumping, shouting and waving continued. "They want us to dance with them," Gabre said.

Again he shouted at them and they shouted the same words back at him. One man waved his stick under Gabre's nose. Gabre became angry, caught hold of the stick and threw it into the mud. Then the other dancers waved their sticks and Gabre threw their sticks into the mud and it all became part of the dance.

"They're all mad," Gabre shouted above the noise. "We'll have to wait for another truck to help us."

No truck driver would stop to help them. Two drivers started to slow down, but when they saw the wild dancers they went on. The dance became wilder still. One man jumped up to dance on the roof of the bus. Another man tried to climb into Davis's truck. Gabre pulled him out. All that they did became part of the dance. It was like being in a madhouse where everybody shouted and danced.

At last the bus driver finished repairing his car and was able to start it. The dancers rushed back into the bus and the party went off toward Addis Ababa.

Once the dancers had gone a truck driver stopped. With his help Davis was able to pull the truck back on the road and drive on.

When they arrived in Lekemti late in the afternoon the rain had stopped. Finding the school office closed, they tried the police station. A police captain told them that the inspector had gone on to Gimbi in a police car. "He thought you would not come, and he had a chance to ride with the chief of police."

"Well," said Davis, "let's go on to Gimbi."

They left Lekemti in the afternoon and reached the Didessa River at nightfall. They decided to stop in the forest just beyond a stone bridge. While Gabre built a fire, Davis went along the riverside and shot a bird, which they cooked for dinner. Before Davis fell asleep he realized that far up the valley the Shankilla lived on the same Didessa River. "I hope I can help these people," Davis thought. "If that one school can be made a success . . ."

It was raining in the early morning. They had stored wood in the truck to keep it dry, so they were able to cook some food before they left. Beyond the Didessa the road became very bad. Mud on the low ground and rocks on the high ground made progress slow. In the middle of the morning, while crossing a stream, the wheels of the truck got caught in a soft spot at the bottom of the stream. They had to work until noon before they could get the truck to the other bank.

At the town of Gimbi a group of teachers received them at the school. The district school director told them that the inspector had not been able to wait for them and would meet them in Neggio. Davis gave the new arithmetic books to the teachers. The director thanked Davis and Gabre and asked them to have dinner with him and stay at his house overnight. Early the following morning they prepared to go on to Neggio.

"You will be in Neggio this afternoon," the district director said. "It is not far."

He was almost right. They almost got to Neggio that afternoon. Just short of the town, however, they came to a stream which was flooded by the rains of the last few days. It was not possible for them to get the truck across through the rushing water. They had to drive a long way before they found a place where they were at last able to cross the stream.

As a result they arrived in Neggio much later than they had expected. The inspector had already left for Mendi. They stayed one day in Neggio explaining to teachers the best way to use the arithmetic books. Beyond Neggio the condition of the road improved. They were driving along this good hard road when Gabre touched Davis's arm.

"Look, there is a Shankilla boy."

Davis quickly stopped the truck. A tall black boy stood under a tree watching them. He stood on one leg. When Davis opened the car door to get out, the boy, still on one leg, jumped back into the trees. There he stopped again and watched them. He acted like a wild animal, interested in a strange new sight and yet afraid of it. Davis could see why the boy had jumped about on one leg. The one he did not use was covered with open ulcers from some infection.

Davis called to the boy, but he moved away into the forest. After waiting a few minutes to see if the boy would return, Davis decided to drive on. A school was a matter of life and death for such people. The Shankilla had either to learn or to die. The inspector had reported that there were one hundred boys in the new school. That would be a good start.

When they arrived in Mendi the inspector was waiting for them. He said to Davis that they should spend three days in the town. This would give the inspector a chance to send word to the teacher at Ullaganti where and when to meet them with the mules. On the first two days Davis worked with the teachers at the government school, explaining the new arithmetic books and how the teachers were to teach with them. The inspector and Gabre helped Davis. Davis showed the teachers how old stories from all parts of Ethiopia had been used in the new school newspapers and reading books. The teachers gathered more of such old stories from all their students and from some of the old people in the village market. Before Davis left he had two hundred stories to take back to Addis Ababa.

Davis, the inspector and Gabre left Mendi before sunrise of the fourth day. When they reached the place where the mules and the teacher were supposed to be, the mules were there but the teacher wasn't. The teacher had left the mules with a young man, who came forward to explain that he was a medically trained helper the government had sent to vaccinate the children at the Shankilla school. He said the teacher had gone to a nearby village on business.

"He went there to sell *coffee*," the young man reported. Davis noticed the angry expression on the inspector's face when he heard this.

They went to the village market and looked for the teacher all afternoon. This made the inspector still more angry. He promised that the teacher would be made to suffer for what he had done, that he had never told the truth about the number of Shankillas in the school and that he had always been a bad teacher.

"There will be far less than a hundred boys in that school," the inspector said. "But the government pays him for a hundred. With the added money he receives, he is buying and selling coffee."

Late in the afternoon they found the teacher and left the village. The teacher admitted that he had far less than a hundred boys in the school. "And some of them are Galla," the teacher told Davis. "There really is no reason for you to continue your journey."

"We'll go," Davis said, "if I have to walk."

"We'll go," the inspector agreed. "And if you are not telling me the truth, teacher . . ."

They were driving along a road that by long years of use had been cut deep into the red soil. The banks were high and lined with trees. The villagers, returning from the market, walked up on the bank. The road was wide enough only for one car. Davis was watching the road and not the bank, when the inspector suddenly shouted, "Look out!" Davis tried to stop the truck without even knowing what was wrong, when something heavy fell against its side. Davis stopped quickly by turning the truck against the bank.

"A man has fallen against the truck," the inspector said.

They got out quickly. Ten feet back on the road a man lay face down without moving. There was blood darkening the dust near his head. They ran back to him. He had fallen from the bank, striking some part of the truck as it passed.

Davis took the box containing their medical supplies from Gabre and started to work. The man was very old. Long ago his sight had been destroyed by some illness. When Davis stopped the blood from running, the old man sat up in the road. Davis helped him. A crowd of villagers gathered. Gabre asked if they could take the old man into a house. The villagers said they didn't know the man.

"We'll take him to the hospital in Neggio," Davis said. "He's badly hurt and he's old."

When they lifted the old man up and put him into the truck, the crowd started to object. One man ran up and tried to pull the old man out. The women began to shout and jump up and down.

"These fools think we want to take him away and kill him."

"Drive away quickly," the inspector said. "This is a bad village."

As they backed the truck along the road, looking for a place to turn around, several villagers tried to jump up and pull the old man out. Even after they had turned and were driving away, some men continued to run after the truck. One of them threw a stone, striking the old man on the side of his head.

"These people are mad," the inspector said. "Drive as fast as you can."

They arrived at the hospital in Neggio after dark. The nurse on duty looked at the old man's head.

"He is very old and his head is badly cut," she said. "But we will do what we can. I think you should report to the police what happened."

At the police station they found a captain who listened to their story and looked at the truck. He sent another policeman to the hospital to look at the old man. The captain said he knew of the high bank and that other villagers had fallen against cars in that place.

"What will happen now?" Davis asked.

"You will have to stay here tonight. Don't let that trouble you. The man was old and blind. You did not cause his fall. But you will have to talk to his family. They will come as soon as they learn that they can get money from you. We'll see what happens."

They stayed that night in the yard of the police station. In the middle of the night they suddenly heard the sound of men shouting and singing at the gate. They could see a police guard fighting with two villagers.

"Men from the village have come to make trouble," Gabre said.

Policemen came out of the station and ran toward the gate. Two of the villagers broke through the gate but were stopped by the police.

"They cared nothing about that old man this afternoon," the inspector said to Davis and Gabre. "But by night, after drinking and talking together, they are shouting, 'Death to those who hurt our dear neighbor.' "

As the noise and angry shouting outside the gate increased, the captain came out of his office, gun in hand, and crossed the yard to them.

"You must go now," he said to them. "These people are getting out of control. If you stay, my men will have to kill one of them. Leave by the back gate without lights. The villagers are guarding the road to Gimbi. So you must go the other way. They will not expect that."

Gabre and the inspector put all their belongings in the back of the truck. The teacher and the inspector lay down behind them. The inspector had a gun in his hand. Gabre sat down in the front seat, pointing his gun out of the window. Davis started the car and the truck moved slowly toward the back gate. Two policemen opened it and Davis turned into a little country road that ran along the wall of the yard. As they went out by the back gate, police at the front gate began to fire shots into the air. Davis continued driving along the little country road toward the wider road they must reach to escape.

"I think we're all right," Gabre said. "They did not expect we would . . ." He stopped suddenly as he saw a number of big oil containers and heavy boxes completely cutting off the end of the little road. Behind this Davis noticed some of the villagers trying to keep out of sight.

"Hold on," Davis said. "I'm going to break through."

As the truck rushed forward, a man ran out of a doorway, jumped on the truck on Davis's side and, using all his strength, forced a pointed stick into Davis's shoulder. Gabre was trying to beat another man off from his window. Then the truck crashed into the boxes and containers and sent them flying in all directions. Someone fired a few shots, but nobody was hurt. The truck went straight through and Davis turned into the wider road leading out of the village. Once they had left it behind, their troubles were at an end.

At sunrise the teacher asked Davis to turn into a side road that would lead them toward Ullaganti. He added that the young medical helper and the man with the mules would meet them at a village further along the way.

"Why do you take so much trouble just to see a few boys in a school? I cannot understand it."

"How few are there?" Davis asked.

"I won't know until we get there. I am sure that many of them have gone home for the harvest."

"It isn't the number that counts," Davis said. "What's important is that there is a school now for these people. Any of them."

In the middle of the morning they reached a Galla village, where the medical helper and the man with the mules were waiting for them. Gabre washed the cut on Davis's shoulder. It was long and thin but not deep. To the east of the village, toward Shankilla country, the ground was broken with deep valleys and high hills. Davis saw that the truck could go no further.

As he was tying the remaining books to the back of a mule, the teacher again came to him. "Why do you take so many books on a difficult journey?"

"I only have twenty-eight of each."

"That is far too many. By now there will be less than twenty boys there. You should go to the hospital and have that shoulder treated."

"I'll decide that," Davis said. "Let's go."

Riding on the mules, they began the last part of their journey, with the teacher out in front to guide them. Davis had trouble staying on his mule and felt sick when he was riding in the sun. By noontime they were stopping every half hour to give Davis a chance to rest. Gabre looked at Davis's shoulder. It was very painful but not infected. They cooked some corn the inspector had brought with him, but Davis couldn't eat anything. The teacher again asked Davis to turn back. By then his count of Shankilla students was down to ten. All the others, he explained, would have gone back to work on the farms.

"I don't believe this man," the inspector told Davis. "But we will have to go on now to see."

"I'll get there," Davis said, "if I have to go on my hands and knees. I'm almost doing that now."

Late in the afternoon they came to the bottom of the last hill they had to climb. By that time the teacher was far up the hill in front of them. When they reached the top they got their first sight of Ullaganti. The village which lay just below them had no more than twenty huts.

"This is a Galla village," the inspector said to Gabre in shocked surprise. Gabre agreed. Davis realized that something was wrong. The inspector and Gabre were talking together in Galla.

When they entered the village, they found the village chief standing next to the teacher, waiting for them. The chief asked them to come and eat dinner at his house, which was a little bigger than the others. They sat on low wooden seats. Davis sat on the floor, resting his back against the wall. A man brought wash water and then served the boiled meat and gray bread of the country. After dinner the inspector and the chief talked. The teacher went back into a dark corner of the hut and sat there without saying a word.

At last the inspector and the chief stopped talking. The inspector spoke to the teacher, giving him orders in a loud, angry voice. The teacher left the *hut*. The inspector turned to Davis.

"At last we know the truth, Doctor Davis. The teacher placed the school in this Galla village. The Shankilla country is at the foot of the hill. Not one Shankilla lives in this village. I have ordered the teacher to move to Shankilla country as quickly as possible and open a school there. But that will take time. You won't be able to see anything now."

"But why?" Davis asked. "Why didn't he put the school in Shankilla country?"

"The chief here wanted a school for his village. He is rich in coffee land. He gave the teacher a share to come here. For two years this teacher took money from the government which he never earned."

Davis put his head against the wall and closed his eyes. The cut on his shoulder was very painful. Quietly the inspector and the village chief went out of the hut. Gabre said something about getting mules to take them back the next day, and followed them. The young medical helper put his head in at the door and asked if Davis wished to have the cut in his shoulder cleaned and treated. Davis said no.

"You'll be sick," the young man told him.

"I'm sick now," Davis said. "Heartsick, I mean. And that's one sickness no doctor can treat."

SEÑOR FIXIT

We end this part with the happy story of an American Point Four technician who is favorably remembered by five hundred girls. It all happened in the Central American country of Panama, whose president some time ago called for a Point Four Week to honor the success of the Point Four program in his country.

The talk had moved along very pleasantly for half an hour before Chuck Morrison first got the idea of possible trouble. Morrison was having his first meeting with the Point Four Chief of Education in Panama, who was telling Morrison about his new assignment. One of his most important jobs, the chief had explained to him, was to start a teacher-training program in agriculture at the Santiago Normal School, the leading school in Panama. His program, the first one of its kind in the country, was to prepare young teachers to teach agriculture in village schools in every part of the country. The chief talked about the need of improving agriculture in Panama and how it could best be done through the schools.

That sounded all right to Morrison. He had been teaching a lot of agriculture in schools and had done a lot of farming in the United States before going on his first Point Four assignment.

"I'd like to meet the school director and start planning things with him as soon as possible," Morrison said.

And then came the first sign of possible trouble. "You mean directora," the chief said. ("Directora" is the Spanish word for woman director.) "The school is directed by Señorita Berta Arango." ("Señorita" is the Spanish word for a woman who is not married.) "She is a very good teacher and studied at the University of Chicago. But I don't think she cares very much about this idea of an agriculture program at the school."

"Well," Morrison said, "when I start working with the boys, I think I can prove its value to her."

"That's another thing," the chief said. "You'll be working mostly with girls. There are five hundred girls in the school and only a hundred boys. But the Ministry of Education wants the girls to have agricultural training too."

Five hundred girls in agriculture! That certainly was a new experience for Morrison. In the United States there would be twenty-five boys in agricultural training for every girl.

"That's a lot of girls," Morrison said.

"Don't forget it's a teacher-training school," the chief told him. "Here in Panama young men just aren't much interested in becoming teachers yet. The money you get for teaching in village and country schools isn't high enough. That's why you'll have five women students in agricultural for every man."

"Well," said Chuck Morrison, "it ought to be interesting."

It was. Morrison went to the Santiago Normal School as soon as a meeting with the directora could be fixed. He was impressed by the nice-looking buildings of the school and the well-kept flower gardens. His first meeting with Berta Arango, the directora, was pleasant enough, but they did not talk much about the agriculture program.

After finding a place to stay, Morrison returned to the school, where the directora took him through the buildings and gardens. They came last to Señorita Arango's office. There they found a young office worker with black marks all over her face and hands, trying without success to repair a very old mimeograph machine. When in working order, it was used to supply the school with the required number of copies of notices, programs and other written matter.

"Always it is the same," Señorita Arango said. "When an important job has to be done, this machine stops working."

Morrison watched the office worker's repair efforts with great interest. On farms and in schools he had repaired all kinds of equipment. It had always been a part of his job and besides, he enjoyed a good repair problem. After a few minutes—when the office worker had had success only in getting more black marks from the machine on her hands and face—Morrison said: "Perhaps I can be of help to you." He took off his coat, looked at the machine to find what caused the trouble, and went to work. After ten minutes it came slowly back to life. In another ten minutes it was turning out good clean copies of a teacher's list of classes.

"It has never worked so well!" the office girl said happily as she watched copy after copy coming out of the machine, clean and readable.

Berta Arango smiled. "It is good," she said. "Thank you, Mr. Morrison. You will want to wash your hands before we talk."

Morrison was back in the office soon and they had their first talk about the agriculture program. He learned that the directora was not against agricultural training as such. But she had doubts that it could be fitted into the whole teacher-education program.

Morrison decided not to say too much at this time. He thought it would be better to show the directora what could be done rather than to talk too much about what might be done.

At the end of his first day he had dinner and returned to his room. During the evening a school official came hurrying to Morrison's room. "Please," he said, "the directora would like you to come."

Morrison followed the man to the school and found Berta Arango and two teachers grouped around a moving picture machine. One of the teachers, who appeared to know very little about the machine, was trying to fix something inside of it.

The directora looked up and saw Morrison. "This machine is out of order—as usual," she said, "and it is needed for a moving picture program tonight. Do you know anything about such machines?"

"A little," said Chuck Morrison.

An hour and a half later—again with his coat off—he had the moving picture machine working. Again the directora smiled. "Thank you once more," she said. "I think you may become the Mister Fixit of this school."

One of the young teachers heard this. "Mister Fixit," she said. "What is that?"

"It is an American expression," Señorita Arango said, smiling. "It means a person who can repair anything."

Soon the name was used by all the students and everyone knew who Mister Fixit was—though some translated it into Spanish and called him Señor Fixit.

Morrison did these small repair jobs gladly because he really enjoyed them, but little actions can sometimes have important results. Morrison's readiness to help led to an increasingly pleasant understanding with Berta Arango. After a time it became easy for Morrison and the directora to talk about his agricultural program, and in the end she agreed to it.

On his part, Morrison came to know Berta Arango as a person who gave her whole life to her work. With this feeling of friendliness to build on, Morrison's agriculture program went forward fast. Its end purpose was to give these future teachers a chance to learn the best farming methods and to pass along their knowledge to their students.

The thing that especially pleased Morrison was the great interest which the girls of the school—all five hundred of them—showed when they started their agricultural training. They really seemed to enjoy the work.

But learning good farming methods and being able to teach them to others are not necessarily the same thing. Part of the students' training was in a demonstration school where they learned how to give their newly-gained knowledge to others, and five of the nearby country schools asked the older students to teach agriculture and other subjects. Later on, Morrison had the great joy of seeing these older students finish their studies and become teachers with their own schools, spreading good agricultural methods through the whole land.

When Morrison left Panama after two years, three well-trained young teachers of agriculture took over his duties and still continued his good work there. He also left behind the pleasant remembrance of a tall American who could do a big job but who was not too proud to do a small one. When anything won't work at the Santiago Normal School, they would still like to be able to send someone running for Señor Fixit.

PART V

MANY DUTIES, MANY PROBLEMS

When a country asks for help of a special kind, Point Four officials first consider if it is within their power to give it. If it is, they look for a technician already in Point Four who might do the job. If no technician has the skills needed, or if the one who has is busy on another assignment, a new technician must be found to do the job.

The job may take from two to four years, and usually the technician is allowed to leave his job in the United States and return to it when his foreign assignment is completed. Point Four takes most of its technicians from colleges, but many also come from United States industry. An important job of these technicians—just as for those in agriculture, health and education—is to train young men and women of the underdeveloped countries as their counterparts.

DIESEL LOCOMOTIVES IN PAKISTAN

Everyone knows the system of travel called a railroad, which millions of people use to move from one place to another. On every railroad in the world *diesel locomotives* are today taking the place of the big steam locomotives of earlier days. This is happening because the diesel locomotive is smaller in size, has more power and costs much less to run.

An American railroad man, Joseph J. Barry, who served in Pakistan, is like the diesel locomotive he knows so well. A man of middle size, Joe Barry has lots of power and gets his work done with little noise or trouble.

Joe Barry arrived in Karachi, the capital of Pakistan, at a time of grave trouble. The country then was only two years old. Pakistan had been formed by dividing the whole of India into two completely separate parts. The larger of these became the country of India, where the people were mostly Hindus. The remaining part became the country of Pakistan, whose people were mostly Moslems. As so often in history, trouble between the two new countries arose almost from the start. And before it had come to an end, many thousands of lives and much good will had been lost by both sides. As a result, six million Moslems left India to live in Pakistan, while five million Hindus left Pakistan for India.

That was how Karachi lost many of its trained railroad workers who were Hindus. Their place was taken by Pakistani workers with little or no training. At the same time the railroads, which were necessary to Pakistan's trade, had to be kept running at all costs. At this difficult point the government of Pakistan turned to the United States for help. From the start the governments of the two countries had been friendly. The American government sent Joe Barry to Pakistan as the best man to do this difficult job.

In his first few weeks in Pakistan Barry learned a lot about the railroads of the country. They were then changing from steam locomotives to diesels. After two more months of study, and with thirty years' experience in American railroads, Joe Barry was ready to go to work.

He knew there was no better place to begin than the shop where diesel locomotives were repaired and serviced. Accordingly, Barry walked every morning to a long building just outside Karachi Station, and entered it. It was marked "Diesel Shop." The place was full of workers busy with their jobs. Some men hurried around carrying different articles called tools, which they used for their work. One worker was almost lost in clouds of steam as he guided a steam-cleaning pipe over some pieces of equipment. The overpowering noise which filled the whole of the repair shop did not trouble Joe Barry in the least. He had been hearing it most of his working life. At this point a diesel locomotive slowly entered the open end of the repair shop and came to a stop close to a big crane. This is a very large and heavy machine with a long movable arm, by which it lifted the whole locomotive into the air and set it down for repairs in a place prepared for that purpose. Barry watched two workmen force water and some strong cleaning materials, called chemicals, through the oil coolers of the diesel.

"Ask those two men what they are doing," Barry told his Pakistani interpreter.

The question was translated to the workers and the interpreter gave their reply. "They are cleaning the oil coolers."

Joe Barry said nothing. He walked away, making a note on a small piece of paper. He knew that it was not enough to run water and chemicals through the coolers. To be really clean, the cooler must be taken apart piece by piece, and each piece cleaned separately.

Joe Barry walked on through the shop. He stopped a worker carrying a box full of parts from a diesel locomotive. Barry looked at them and picked up a few. Then he held up a bearing and noticed the bad condition it was in. The workers noticed it too. A bearing is an important part of a locomotive because other parts turn and move on it. All the time, Mr. Zafer I. Puri, engineer in charge of diesels, was at his side, watching Barry and learning from him. Mr. Puri, who could speak English, followed each explanation. In this way they passed along the whole line of repair work. Barry had questions for each of the men, no matter how small the man's job was.

At first the men were nervous when he spoke to them, but after a few days they found that the American could do more than ask questions. He could also answer them. It became clear to the men that the American thought every job in the shop was important.

Morning after morning Barry went along the rail lines to the diesel shop. He put on paper some plans that would organize the shop for quicker and better work.

A locomotive was just coming off the run back from Lahore to Karachi. Barry and Mr. Puri walked along to the place where the repair work was done, and looked at the diesel. Joe Barry entered the glass-covered space in the front part of the locomotive where the diesel engineer is seated at the controls. To Puri, Barry said, "Mr. Zaman told me you were getting too much heat during your trip from Lahore. I notice that the pipes have been taken off, through which the cooling water is carried to the different parts of the locomotive. That will take away a considerable amount of the cooling power of the locomotive. It means that your water will be almost as hot as your oil. That causes these machines to overheat. After a time, this, together with dirty oil coolers, will also cause trouble to the bearings. Get these problems fixed and you'll save the cost of repairing many other parts of the diesel. It's all tied together into one system."

Mr. Puri had made notes of all that Barry said. "In a hot, dry country like this," Barry added, "you need every bit of cooling you can get. Every part of the equipment helps to do this and must therefore be in perfect working order."

"There is so much dust in the Sind plains and in parts of the Punjab," Puri said. "If you have no objection, I would like to go back and watch the men clean the oil cooler of the diesel locomotive that has just been brought in."

"All right," Barry agreed. "Let's have a little demonstration. Let them do it the old way first. What happened to this locomotive?"

"It lost a crankshaft," Mr. Puri said. This is a long iron arm fixed to the side of the wheels, which passes on the necessary power to make them turn.

"That's very bad. A crankshaft costs around five thousand dollars. I think we'd better have a demonstration."

That afternoon Barry and Mr. Puri and several of the diesel repairmen walked along the line to the place where two workers were cleaning the oil coolers. Mr. Puri asked, "Have you cleaned this oil cooler?"

"Yes, we've cleaned it."

"How did they clean it?" Barry asked. A group of workers from along the line had gathered to watch.

One of the men working on the coolers said, "We cleaned it the same way we always do. We forced water and chemicals through it."

"You didn't take it apart?" Barry asked.

"No. There is no need to do that. It takes time. The railroad needs this locomotive back as soon as possible."

"I know it's needed," Barry agreed. "But we also must make sure that it will run right. Let's take the cooler apart," he said to the men, "and see if it is ready to go back into service. Mr. Puri, would you have them bring the scales? I want to know the weight of the cooler."

Several men brought the scales, an article specially made to measure the weight of things. The cooler was placed on them. The repairmen were shaking their heads in wonder. Why did he want to know what the weight of the cooler was?

"Notice the weight of this cooler that is supposed to be clean," Barry said. "Mark that weight down so you will remember it."

The repairmen wrote down the weight of the cooler.

"Now take the cooler completely apart and clean each of the parts in the tank," Barry told them.

The repairmen followed his orders, while Barry and Mr. Puri walked away across the shop.

"In a country as hot as this," Barry said, "we must make sure that oil coolers are cleaned the right way. I've also been thinking about that problem of broken oil pipes."

"Yes. We've had a lot of broken lines."

"That problem can be solved by using a different kind of pipe made of a special material. I'll tell you about it tomorrow."

Barry and Mr. Puri went around the whole shop. When they returned to the repair line, the parts had been taken out of the cleaning tanks and the men were putting the cooler together again.

"Now take the weight of the cooler a second time," Barry said. The cooler was placed on the scales. "I want each man to note the new figure," Barry continued, "and see by how much it has changed since the first time."

One of the men looked at the two figures he had written down. "Why," he said in wide-eyed surprise, "its weight now is fifty-three pounds less than before!"

"Yes, that's right," Barry continued. "Now what was in that fifty-three pounds? It was all thick dirty oil sticking to and around the pipes. And with that much foreign matter the cooler couldn't work right.

Do you still think it was ready for use after your cleaning?"

"No," they said. "Now we know it was still dirty."

Some of the other workers began to laugh at the first two men. Barry held up his hand.

"Laugh if you are happy," he said, "but don't laugh at these two men. They learned something today. I hope that you also did. I learn something almost every day I work near a diesel locomotive. Everyone does. Even the men who built this beautiful machine don't know all there is to know about it."

When Barry's talk had been translated, the men voiced their agreement. One of them said, "You will find us very willing to learn."

"I am sure of that," Barry said. "This locomotive was brought here because it had lost a crankshaft. That crankshaft probably dropped off because of a dirty oil cooler. The crankshaft cost five thousand dollars. Let's make certain on this railroad that we never lose another crankshaft for that reason. Up till now you've only seen me walk around, making notes and wearing good clothes. Tomorrow you're going to see me here in working clothes. We're going to take a diesel and make general repairs. I am going to work on it with you from beginning to end. I am going to do one as a demonstration. But the next one you're going to do. I'll be watching you, ready to help, but I don't expect to get my hands dirty on the second one."

The men laughed. Barry's words impressed them very deeply, because they had found in him an American who was willing to go to work like any other worker.

At the end of four weeks the first general repair was finished. At last the diesel locomotive was ready for the seven-hundred-mile run to Lahore. The workers watched it move out of the shop.

"Don't be surprised that it runs," Barry told them. "If everything is done right it always runs. The next one you'll do and I'll watch. When it will go out of the shop, I'm sure it will run just as well as this one does."

Barry was right about that too. The Pakistani repairmen started work on another diesel. Barry kept away from the shop as much as he could. He did not want them to think that he was watching them.

When the second general repair had been completed, Barry spoke to the men who had worked on the job. "My country sent me here to work and not to talk with you. So I'll only say what we always say at home when the men have done their job well—good work."

At the end of his first year in Pakistan, Joe Barry had done more than others would do in ten years. He had increased the Pakistanis' knowledge not only about diesel power but about the general business of running a railroad. Along with his Pakistani counterparts, Barry had ended most of the troubles of the Northwestern Railways. The diesel repair shop became one of the best in all Asia.

But Joe Barry wasn't as pleased as the people around him were. He realized that the railroad still did not have enough trained men to do the necessary repair work and that this trouble would increase in the future.

"I can see," he said, "that we need a new way to solve this problem. We must have six hundred trained new men a year. The answer is a school. We have to open a school that can train six hundred men a year."

This was not an easy job. Joe Barry had to write agreements that would be acceptable to both the government of Pakistan and the American government. When the agreement was signed at last, it provided that the Pakistani government would pay for the building of the school and for the teachers. The American government agreed to supply the whole of the training equipment for the classrooms.

While the school was being built, Joe Barry finished his first two-year assignment in Pakistan and went home on leave for a well-earned rest.

When Joe Barry returned to Pakistan for a further period of two years, the school was ready. Nearly a hundred students were in the first class at the school. The class was to continue for six to ten weeks. Joe Barry was there for the opening of the school and watched each class at work.

At first Barry had to be on duty all day and every day, watching classes and making sure that his orders were followed in each of them. If anything went wrong, he gave them ideas for better and clearer ways of teaching. By the time the first class had finished its course of studies, however, he was keeping quieter. During the second-class period he said even less. And when a third class had completed its work, he no longer had to help a teacher or make any changes.

There came a day when the school no longer needed Joe Barry's help. The Pakistanis were ready to direct their own school without further help from the United States. It had become one of the best of its kind in the East. This is the great moment when a technician feels proud to know that his work has proved successful. Joe Barry had done his job in Pakistan and done it very well.

TROUBLE IN EGYPT

Sometimes conditions in a country get so bad that the United States government decides to take all Americans out. This is what happened in both Israel and Egypt in 1956, when the fighting between these countries began, in which France and England also joined. Here is a Point Four technician's story of those troubled days.

After you've lived and worked in places where trouble may start at almost any time, you get used to it and forget about it. You've heard so many reports about something bad that's sure to happen but never does, you end up by believing that it never will. But then, just when your guard is down and things look bright, along comes trouble, bringing war and near disaster.

That is what happened to me in Cairo when Nasser took over the Suez Canal. We had made plans to take out American women and children, if it should become necessary. I was in charge of this move in the district where I lived. We had made all the necessary preparations to take the women and children to the airplanes that would fly them out of the city. But things quieted down. Business went on as usual. Then, one Monday morning, October 28, 1956, trouble—real and sudden—started.

Orders came from Point Four headquarters for everyone to leave by air. We were told to get all the Americans ready—one traveling bag for each person. We were all to remain in our homes until we received orders to move.

As the official in charge of my district, I knew which families I had to take care of and what I was supposed to tell them.

I called on every one of them before going home myself. We have six children of our own and one of my older daughters met me at the door.

"No school tomorrow, father," she said. "It's closed for repairs."

I thought the teachers had done well to keep the truth from the children. They'd get to know about it soon enough, but until then would not feel nervous. I told my wife, however, what had happened, and we started to put the things we would need most into the two bags we were allowed to take along. We would be leaving a lot of things behind.

About five o'clock that afternoon I was told we wouldn't be leaving that night. The Egyptian government was not allowing any foreign airplanes to land. We still didn't know what the trouble was, you understand. All we knew was that something really bad was happening this time.

The next morning the Israeli army attacked the Sinai Peninsula and started its drive straight for the Suez Canal. All news suddenly stopped and we didn't know any of this until late that evening. We were told, however, that our airplanes were not coming in. Instead, the Sixth Fleet had been asked to send ships to Alexandria. We would have to drive by car from Cairo to Alexandria and leave by ship. Until our ships arrived, we were to wait in Cairo. In case we had to drive our cars at night, we were ordered to paint our headlights blue.

It was not until Wednesday morning that we received orders to start. We got on the road a little past noon, twenty cars in a group. It was very slow going. We were guided by Egyptian police cars, but the roads were crowded with army trucks full of soldiers and supplies. We often had to get off the road and wait for them to pass.

The drive from Cairo to Alexandria usually takes about three and a half hours, but this time it took almost twelve. We arrived in Alexandria about twelve o'clock that night. We hoped to get aboard our ships quickly, but were told that they hadn't arrived yet. We received orders to go to the Cecil Hotel and spend the night there. After the long drive all of us were ready for bed.

At eight o'clock the next morning I received word that busses would be at the hotel in one hour to take us to our ships. When the first bus arrived at the hotel, we filled it in a hurry. But before it could start, the whole street began to shake with gunfire. We got everyone out of the bus and back into the shelter of the Cecil Hotel.

Most of the Americans on that bus had never been under attack from the air before, but they all showed good self-control and quietly followed orders in getting off the street. This was the first French air attack on Alexandria. But it certainly wasn't the last one. When the first one had finished, we filled the bus again and sent it on its way. The minute the second bus was filled and ready to go, the guns began firing again and another attack started. The French airplanes were staying high, but from far away we could hear the sound of heavy crashes as airplanes, buildings and equipment on the ground were being destroyed. We cleared the bus again and waited for the attack to end. After many hours of waiting everybody in our party at last arrived at the place where three American warships were waiting for us. We were certainly glad to see them.

The Egyptians were very nice to us and everything went well. But while we were being taken out to our ships, two more air attacks started. Egyptian warships all around us began to fire at the airplanes and there was a lot of noise.

At last we reached our ship, but had to wait for another group of Americans to arrive from Cairo. We didn't leave until late the next day, and French airplanes came over twenty times while we waited. When our ships sailed out of Alexandria, we had lived through five days of real trouble and were thankful to be safe at last.

We had been in Egypt for a considerable time and had found the country and the people pleasant and friendly. The Point Four program we had been working on had not been finished, but we had the feeling that we wouldn't be coming back. We were right about that. We never did.

LOST IN THE JUNGLE

Twelve Point Four technicians have been killed and many others hurt while working on their Point Four assignments. Our last story tells of a case of this kind. But our real reason for including it is to report the wonderful effort made by a whole village in Thailand to help an American technician in trouble. In a small way, it shows the whole idea behind Point Four—to help each other.

In those parts of the world where there are thick, wild forests called jungles, the helicopter is the best way to get from one place to another. A helicopter is a special kind of airplane that can rise straight up at the start of a trip and drop straight down when it lands. It can rise over high hills and drop into deep valleys. And it is almost always safe. But not quite always, as an American, Carroll J. Howard, discovered in Thailand.

With Police Captain Mano Samitbhandhu and Police Officer Preecha Klaimee, Howard was flying to Loei on the *border* of Laos. His Point Four assignment was to train members of the police force stationed in Northern Thailand. It was early morning and the helicopter was flying toward a chain of mountains that was no higher than others they had already crossed. When Howard started to lift his power-driven machine over the top, the power suddenly failed.

The helicopter lost height quickly and, after tearing through the top branches of a high tree, crashed to the floor of the jungle.

With a great effort Howard freed himself from the ruined helicopter and rolled himself out of the machine to the floor of the jungle. His leg was broken. His back hurt badly and cuts covered his whole body. Hano and Preecha struggled out of the helicopter and lay beside him. Blood was streaming down their faces from cuts on the head and Mano seemed to have a broken arm.

"Where are we?" Howard asked.

"I don't know," Preecha said. "My head hurts so much." He tried to rise. He got on one knee and then fell on his side.

"I cannot think," Mano said. "My head is so painful."

Howard knew it was useless to press the two men. They had both received heavy blows on the head. Perhaps after a little rest their minds would clear and they would remember things.

For a time the three men just lay there in the sun without moving or saying a word. At last Mano was able to speak again. "This is Meo country," he said. "They are good people. They'll help us."

"True," Preecha agreed. "If only we can reach a village." He was looking at Howard's leg. "But I fear you will not be able to walk." With their help Howard rose and tried to put weight on his leg. It was no use. The bone was broken.

"You must leave me here," Howard said firmly. "I'll be all right."

"We'll look for help and come back to you as quickly as possible," Mano said, as he and Preecha started off into the jungle.

"Hope you'll have success," Howard called after them, while taking out his gun and settling down for a long wait.

Mano and Preecha began their long march through the jungle. They had no clear idea in which direction they should go. Their progress was slow, as every step caused them pain and their movements opened up the cuts they had received. In this way they went on, hour after hour, hoping that they were going in a straight line. But they couldn't be sure. They knew they had to find some help before the sun went down. There was very little time left. Already the jungle floor was dark with shadows. And they couldn't walk at night. It would mean another eight hours lost.

At this point they noticed that the undergrowth became less thick with every step they took, and suddenly they were in a small open space. Their hearts stopped beating. Not far from where they stood they saw a hut. It was a small hut, a poor hut, but it belonged to humans. With their last strength they hurried toward it and fell to the ground just before they reached it. A family of Meo tribesmen lived there. The women brought them food and water. The man tried to ask them what had happened. But Mano and Preecha were both too weak to answer. They laid down on the ground and went into a deep sleep.

Early the next morning Mano and Preecha told the Meo man about the helicopter that had crashed and the American they had left near it.

"He is somewhere in that jungle," Mano told the man. "Go and look for him. But we must go on and find more help."

"How far is it to the nearest village?" Preecha said.

"Less than a day's journey."

"We must not lose a moment. Ask your son to lead us."

They reached the village of Kaeng Muang in the late afternoon. The whole village offered to look for the lost American.

"Please hurry," Mano and Preecha told the villagers. "The American is badly hurt. He has been down in the jungle for one and a half days and has had no food or water."

"We will not stop until we find him," one of the villagers promised as their party went off into the jungle.

While this was happening, the Meo tribesman from the hut had also started to look for the American as soon as Preecha and Mano had left for

Kaeng Muang. Having no idea in which direction to go, the tribesman went out in wider and wider circles through the jungle around his hut. He often raised his voice and called, but no one answered.

On the morning of the third day airplanes of the Royal Thai Air Force were flying over the district in all directions. And on the ground the villagers of Kaeng Muang were moving toward the crashed helicopter through the thick jungle. Another airplane was sent from Loei and dropped men and medical supplies into the village of Kaeng Muang. As soon as the men dropped to the ground they asked for someone to guide them to the villagers who were looking for the American.

At ten o'clock that morning the villagers of Kaeng Muang found Howard, weak from hunger and in great pain. Two whole days had passed since the crash. After feeding him rice and water, they put together pieces of wood and tied them firmly. Then they carefully placed Howard on them and started on their way back to Kaeng Muang. Carrying Howard and cutting a way through the jungle was backbreaking work. After about seven hours, the villagers met the men who had been air-dropped into Kaeng Muang. For the first time since the crash Howard could be given some medical care.

Just two and a half days after the crash Howard reached the village of Kaeng Muang, where he was received as if he were a long-lost friend. In the afternoon a Royal Thai helicopter took Howard to Loei. From Loei an airplane brought him into Bangkok, where he received further treatment. Four days later another airplane took Howard to Clark

Air Force Base in the Philippines. The doctors in the big hospital told him he would surely get completely well again.

The story of the friendly villagers of Kaeng Muang ended a month later, when the United States Ambassador to Thailand and a party of important Thai officials arrived in Kaeng Muang by helicopter. They brought many gifts to the villagers for their help to the American flier, including one from Howard himself. He wanted them to know that he would always remember the friendly Meo tribesmen in the lonely jungle village of Kaeng Muang.

GLOSSARY

agent:	someone who works for and acts in the interest of another person, group or government.
airplane:	a large, power-driven machine, heavier than air, that can fly.
angry:	having strong feelings of anger about someone or something.
assign:	to choose a person and a place for a special job.
attack:	to start an action, usually for the purpose of hurting someone or something.
boil:	to make a material like water hot enough to cook.
border:	side or edge: here, the line where our country touches another.
capital:	the city from which a government directs the business of a country.
cattle:	farm animals owned and raised for some use.
climb:	to go up a hill or a mountain.
coffee:	the seeds of a plant from which a well-known drink is made; also the drink itself.
committee:	persons chosen to do certain things.

copy:	a thing made to look just like another.
crash:	to strike suddenly with great force.
crop:	the produce of any plant or tree gathered in one season.
demonstrate:	to show how something is done.
develop:	to make or become bigger, better, stronger or more useful.
diesel:	a very large man-made machine that produces its own power by burning oil and air together.
difficult:	hard to do or understand.
director:	a person in control.
dirty:	not clean, not clear, not pure.
disaster:	some fearful trouble that causes great suffering and loss of life.
district:	a part of a country.
earn:	to receive for work or services.
education:	the teaching and training a person receives by way of study and experience.
engineer:	a person who plans, builds and directs the work on such things as bridges, cars and many other articles.
epidemic:	a sickness that spreads widely and quickly.
equipment:	the articles needed to do any kind of work.
fifty:	half a hundred.
flood:	to keep a piece of ground covered with water; or, a very large amount of water running over the banks of a river and covering land usually dry.
hardship:	suffering, want.

hospital:	a place where doctors take care of people who are sick or hurt.
hunger:	a great need and desire for food.
hut:	a small, incomplete house.
impress:	to have or to produce strong feelings about someone or something.
improve:	to make or become better.
infect:	to cause a sickness.
interpreter:	a person who explains the meaning of the words of one country in the words of another country.
knowledge:	all that a person learns, knows or understands.
level:	being of the same height.
local:	having to do with only one place.
locomotive:	a very heavy and large machine on wheels which produces its own power to move from place to place.
medical:	dealing with matters of health and sickness.
medicine:	materials used by doctors against sickness.
mix:	to put several materials together and move them around until they form one material.
mouse:	a small gray animal that lives underground and hunts for food in houses and fields. MICE is the word used for more than one of these animals.
mule:	an animal that looks like a small horse but has larger ears. It is used for the purpose of riding, or carrying heavy weights.

nurse:	a person specially trained to take care of people who are sick or hurt.
official:	a person holding a high position in a company or some branch of the government.
organize:	to plan a course of action or to bring together a group of people for a special purpose.
parents:	fathers and mothers.
patient:	a person who is in the care of a doctor.
pipe:	a long round article with a hole in the center which allows materials to pass through it from one end to the other.
police:	men in public service whose duty it is to keep law and order.
pound:	a name given to a certain small amount of weight.
prevent:	to keep from happening.
privy:	a small walled space for the clean and safe placement of those materials contained in food and drink which the human body puts out, because it cannot use them.
program:	a planned course of action.
progress:	a forward movement marked by growth and betterment.
repair:	to put in good condition again.
rice:	the seeds of plants that grow in warm countries and have high food value.
roof:	the top covering of a building.
ruin:	to destroy completely; or, something that has been destroyed completely.
sanitation:	measures taken to make sure of the cleanliness of a place and to guard the health of its people.
shadow:	the dark lines of the shape of a person or thing, which appears when light shines on them; or, the shape and form of an idea or system, which people fear as a possible enemy.
shelter:	something that covers and guards people.
shock:	a sudden shaking of great force; or, a sudden blow given to the mind or feelings of a person.
skill:	a high degree of workmanship which results from good training and experience.
solve:	to find the right answer to a problem.
steam:	the very thin clouds that rise from water when it is heated.
stove:	a kind of box, usually of iron, in which a fire is built; used for cooking and heating.
struggle:	a strong effort such as a fight; or, to make a strong effort.
student:	a person who studies.
tank:	a large container for water and other materials.
team:	a group of people working or acting together.
trails:	footways made by people or animals across wild country or forests.
translate:	to change the words of one country into those of another.
treat:	to act toward: to take care of.

tribe:	a group of people, led by a chief, who live in the wild parts of the earth.
vaccinate:	to put into the body materials prepared from certain producers of sicknesses for the purpose of guarding against these sicknesses.
weapon:	anything used by one side against another in a fight.

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